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NO. 21

BLONDE PHANTOM

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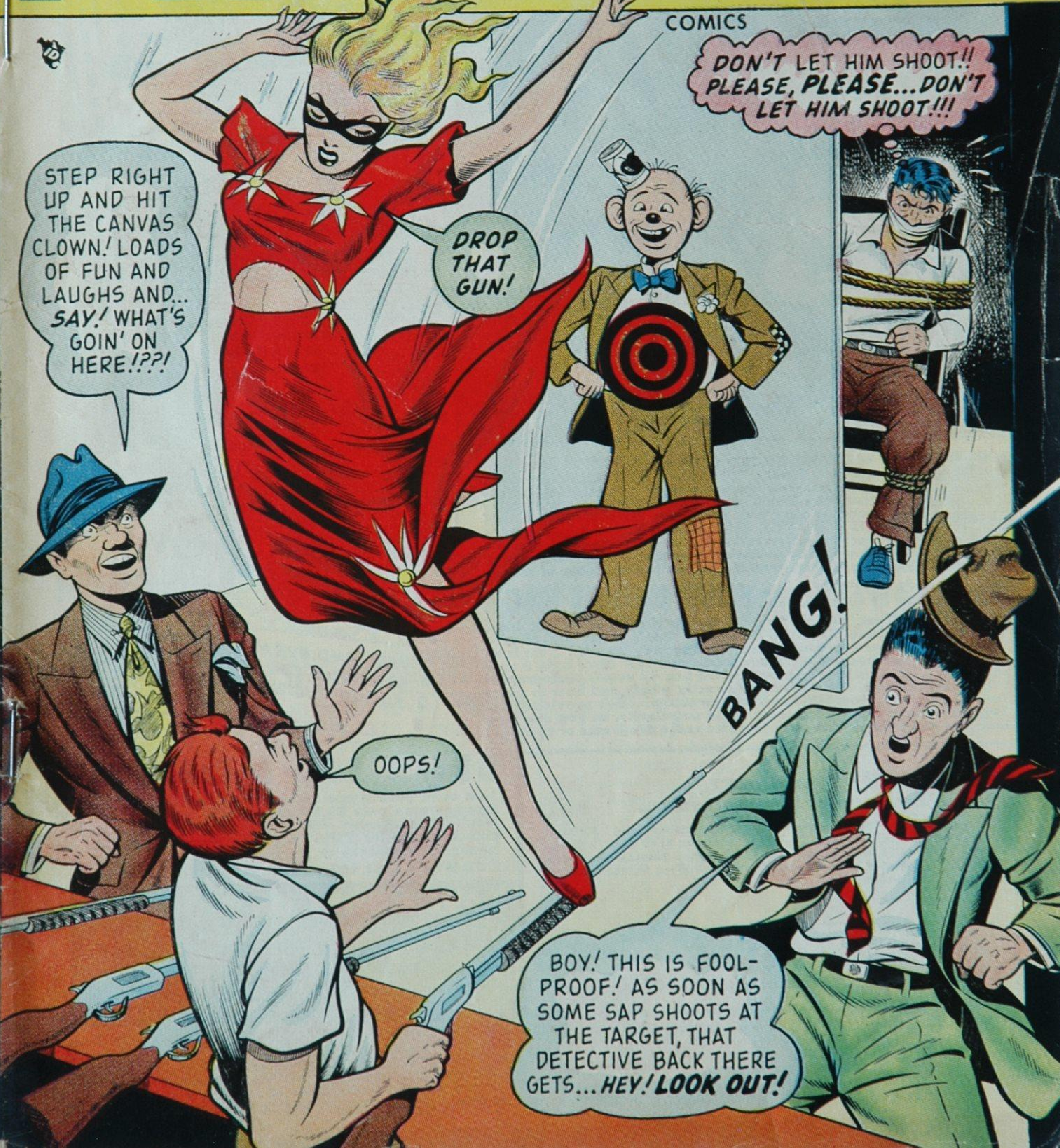
COMICS


DON'T LET HIM SHOOT!! PLEASE, PLEASE... DON'T LET HIM SHOOT!!!
STEP RIGHT UP AND HIT THE CANVAS CLOWN! LOADS OF FUN AND LAUGHS AND... SAY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE!??!
DROP THAT GUN!
BANG!
OOPS!
BOY! THIS IS FOOL-PROOF! AS SOON AS SOME SAP SHOOTS AT THE TARGET, THAT DETECTIVE BACK THERE GETS... HEY! LOOK OUT!

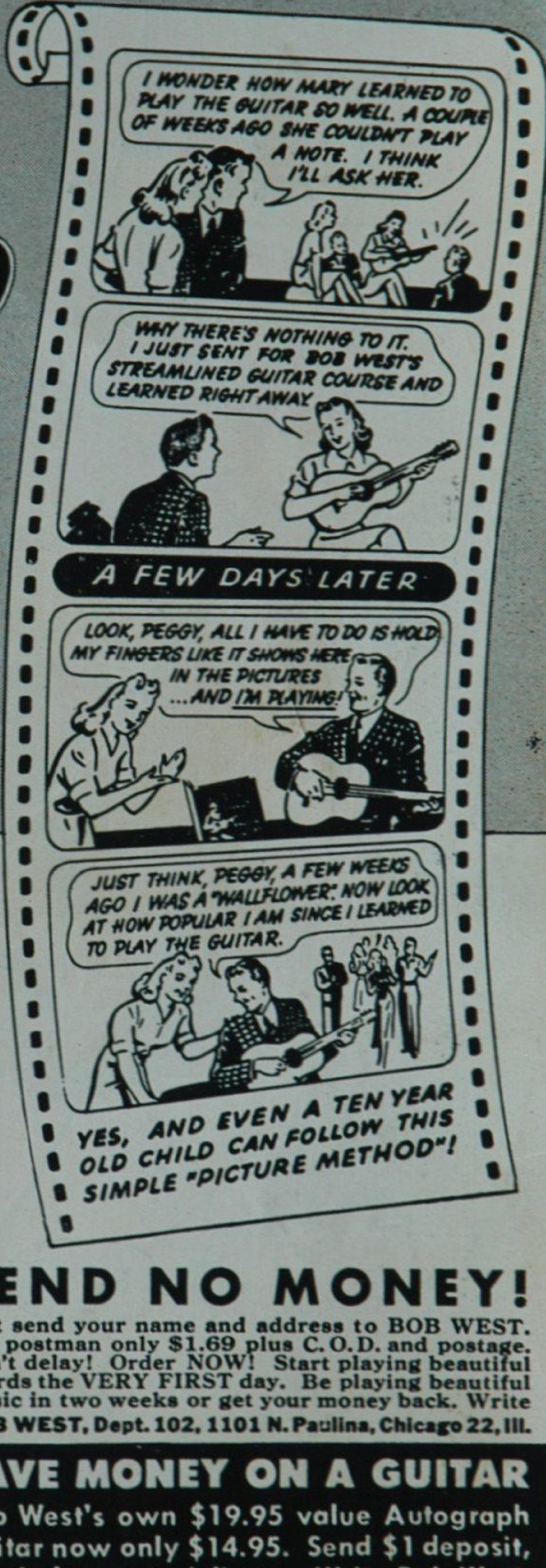
NEW! BOB WEST'S AMAZINGLY EASY "PICTURE METHOD"

SHOWS HOW TO PLAY GUITAR

IN 2 WEEKS

OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Think Of The Fun You'll Have


I WONDER HOW MARY LEARNED TO PLAY THE GUITAR SO WELL. A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO SHE COULDN'T PLAY A NOTE. I THINK I'LL ASK HER.
WHY THERE'S NOTHING TO IT. I JUST SENT FOR BOB WEST'S STREAMLINED GUITAR COURSE AND LEARNED RIGHT AWAY.
A FEW DAYS LATER
LOOK, PEGGY, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS HOLD MY FINGERS LIKE IT SHOWS HERE IN THE PICTURES ...AND I'M PLAYING!
JUST THINK, PEGGY, A FEW WEEKS AGO I WAS A "WALLFLOWER." NOW LOOK AT HOW POPULAR I AM SINCE I LEARNED TO PLAY THE GUITAR.
YES, AND EVEN A TEN YEAR OLD CHILD CAN FOLLOW THIS SIMPLE "PICTURE METHOD"!

45 PHOTOS SHOW EXACTLY WHERE TO PUT YOUR FINGERS
101 SONGS Words & Music *INCLUDED!*

★ **EXPERIENCED GUITAR PLAYERS** have told me Bob West's "PICTURE METHOD" improves their playing tremendously and is ideal for beginners. Don't envy friends who are so popular because they play a musical instrument. LEARN TO PLAY THE GUITAR and hold the spotlight at parties, entertainments, or gatherings of friends. You will be amazed at how easy it is to learn to play the Guitar, even if you can't read a note of music.

Play in 2 WEEKS or YOUR MONEY BACK

Now let Bob West, radio's favorite Guitar player, show you how, with his sensational "Picture Method." Don't judge Bob West's "**Picture Method**" by any other "course" you have ever seen... This is an entirely new method. Most "instruction courses" have only 6 or 8 pictures... but Bob West's new method has **45 actual photographs!** It not only teaches, but **shows you exactly where and how to place your fingers, etc.** Most others offer a few songs... Bob provides 101! Yes, 101 songs chosen for their radio popularity, so you can sing and play right along with your favorite radio programs or records!

BOB WEST, Dept. 102,
1101 N. PAULINA ST., CHICAGO 22, ILL.

Dear Bob: Please rush one of your new streamlined "Picture Method" Guitar Courses. I will pay postman $1.69 plus C. O. D. and postage. I understand that if I am not playing beautiful music in 2 weeks after I receive your Bob West Guitar Course, you will refund my $1.69.

NAME____________________________
ADDRESS____________BOX______ R.F.D.______
CITY________________STATE__________

SEND NO MONEY!

Just send your name and address to BOB WEST. Pay postman only $1.69 plus C.O.D. and postage. Don't delay! Order NOW! Start playing beautiful chords the VERY FIRST day. Be playing beautiful music in two weeks or get your money back. Write **BOB WEST, Dept. 102, 1101 N. Paulina, Chicago 22, Ill.**

SAVE MONEY ON A GUITAR

Bob West's own $19.95 value Autograph Guitar now only $14.95. Send $1 deposit, pay balance on delivery. Write Bob West, Studio 1, 1101 N. Paulina, Chicago 22, Ill.

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Editorial Consultant: Jean Thompson, M.D., Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau;
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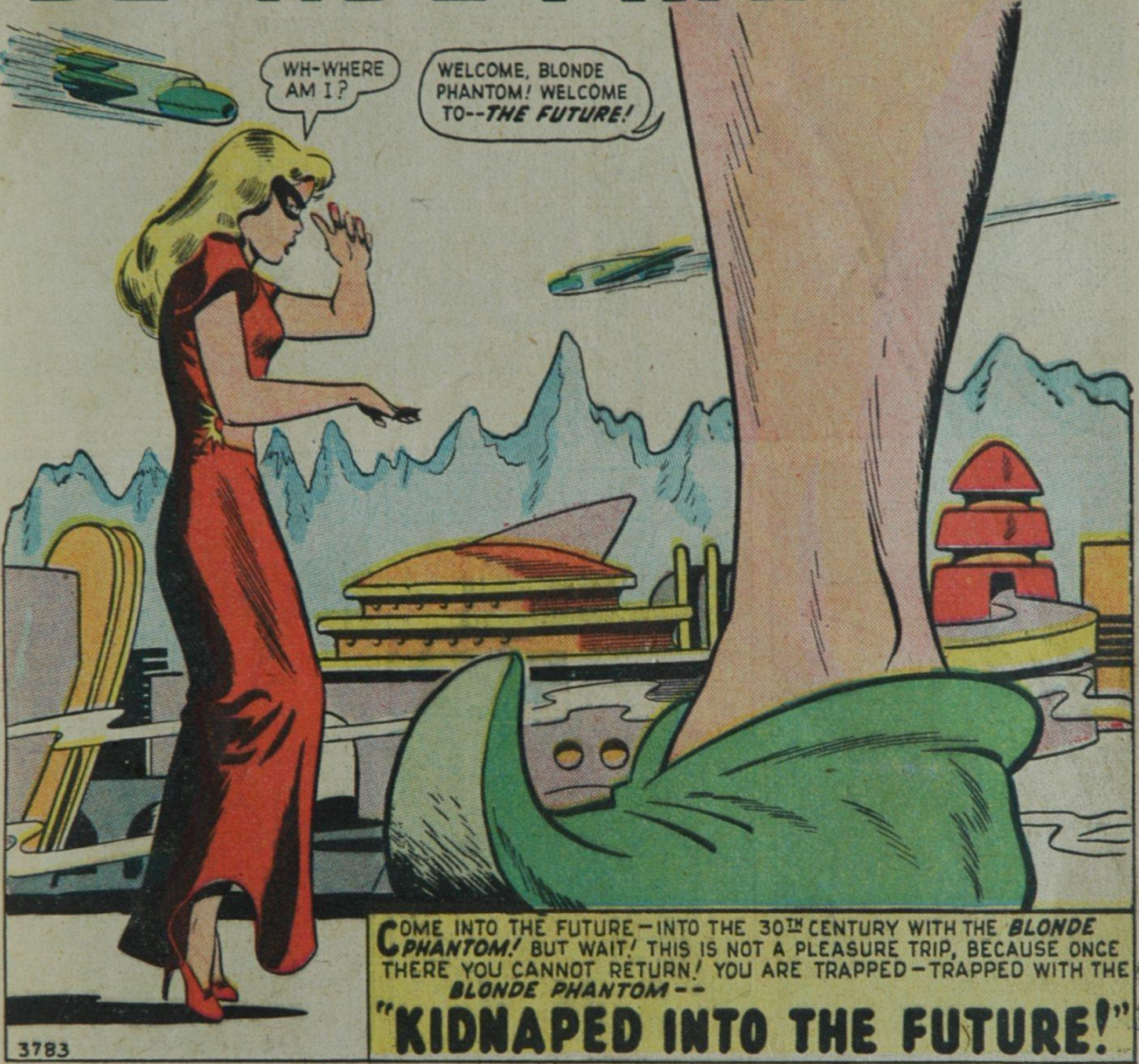
BLONDE PHANTOM


WH-WHERE AM I?
WELCOME, BLONDE PHANTOM! WELCOME TO--*THE FUTURE!*
COME INTO THE FUTURE—INTO THE 30TH CENTURY WITH THE *BLONDE PHANTOM!* BUT WAIT! THIS IS NOT A PLEASURE TRIP, BECAUSE ONCE THERE YOU CANNOT RETURN! YOU ARE TRAPPED—TRAPPED WITH THE *BLONDE PHANTOM*--
"KIDNAPED INTO THE FUTURE!"
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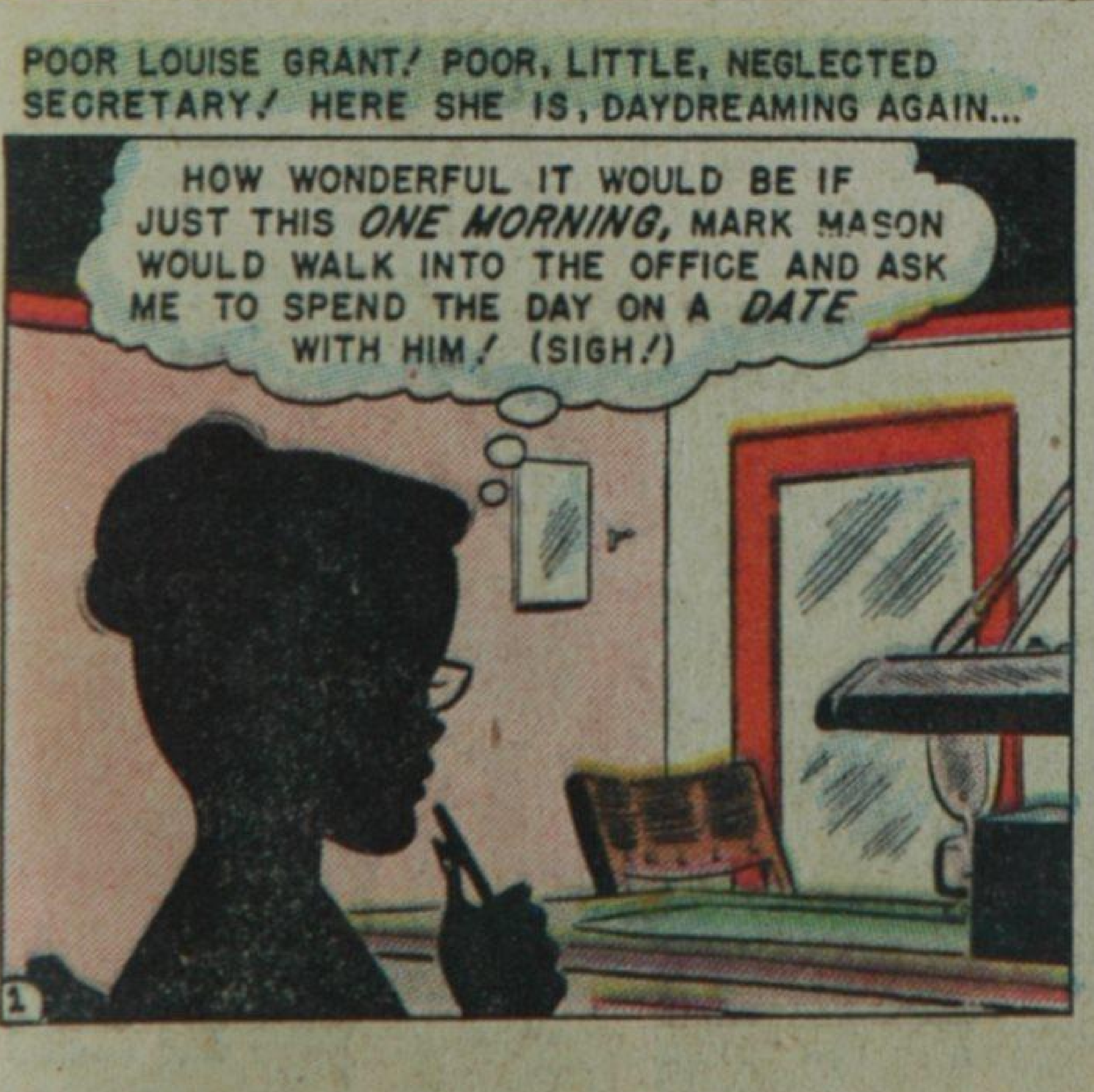
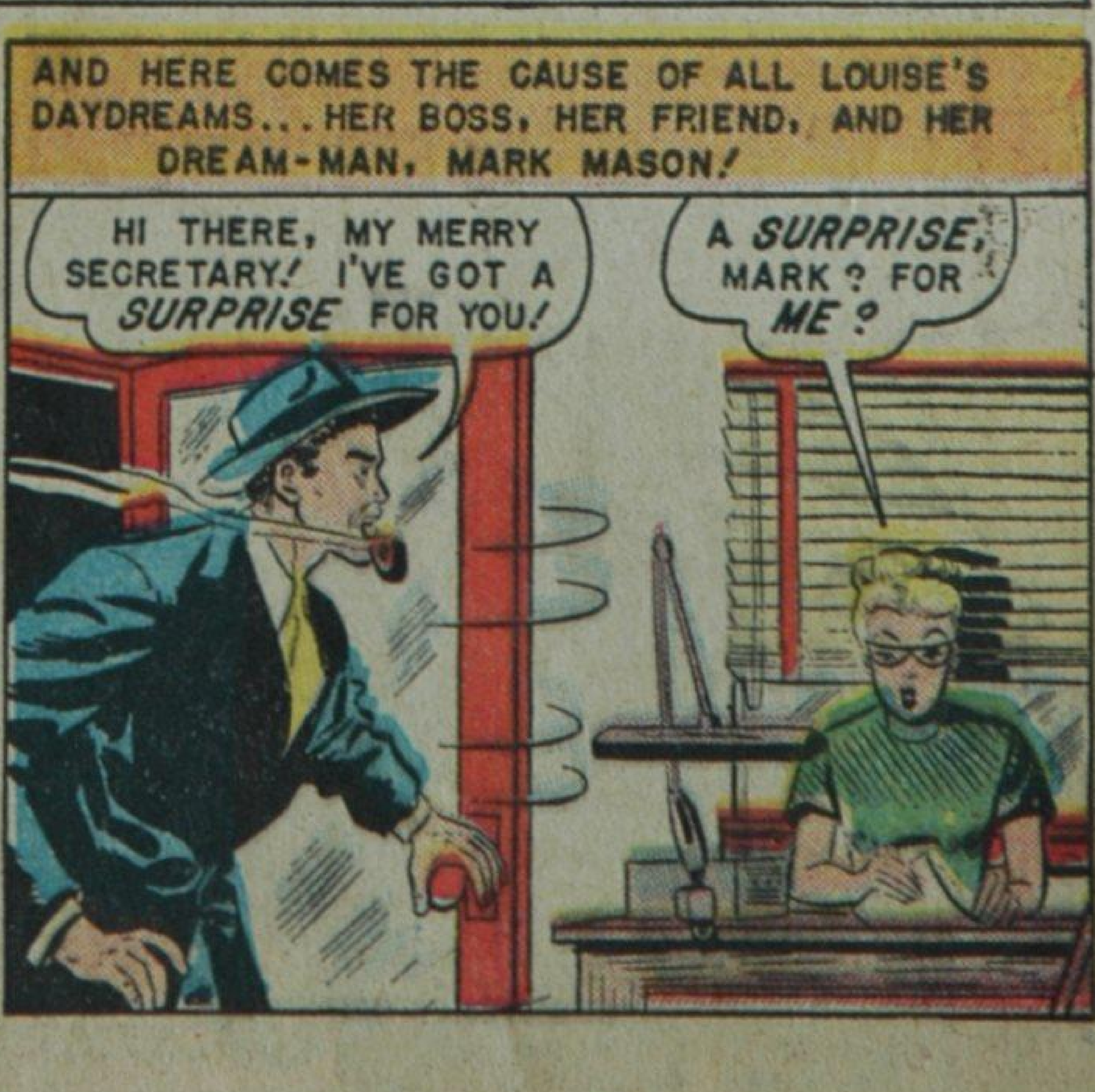
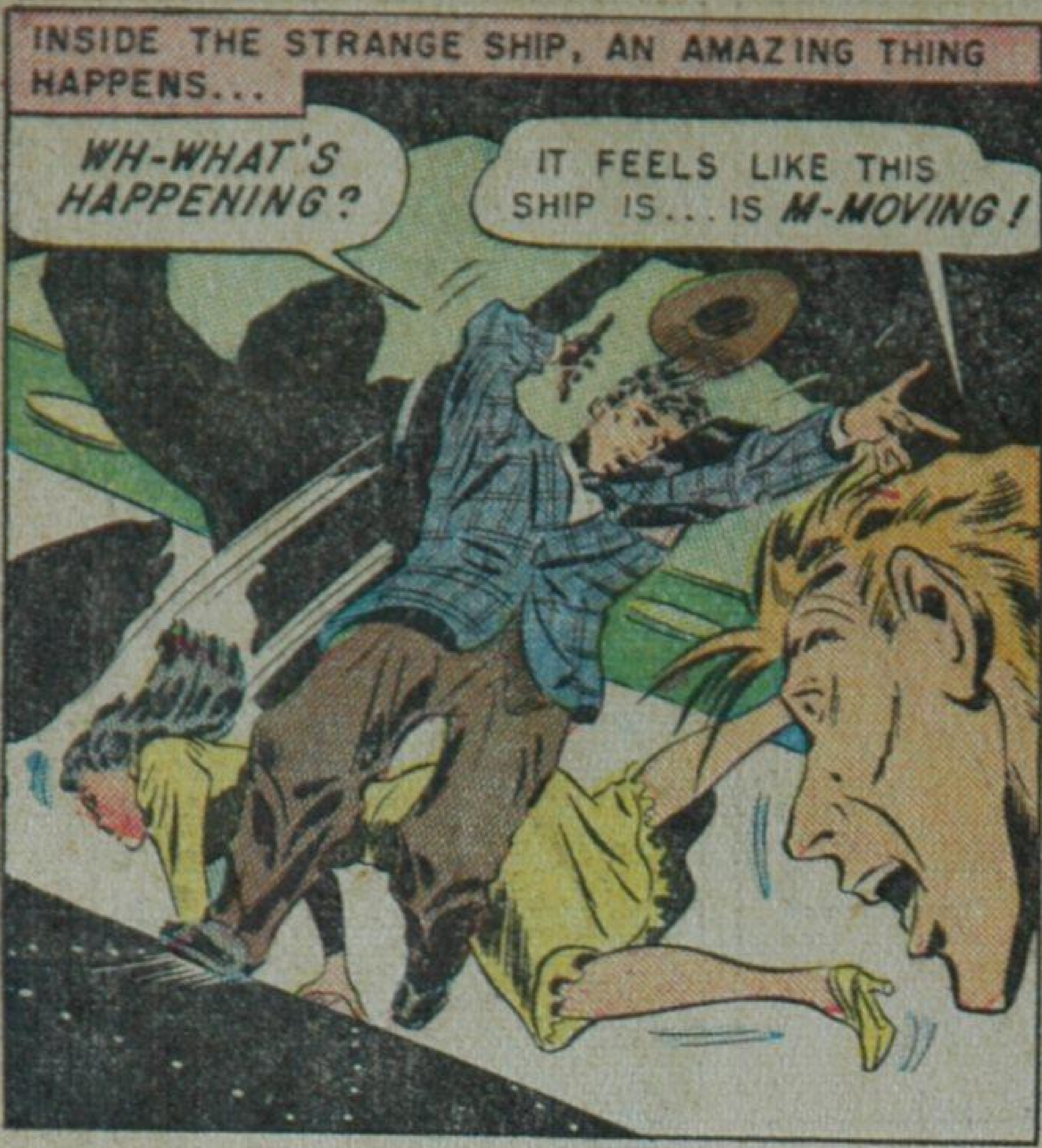
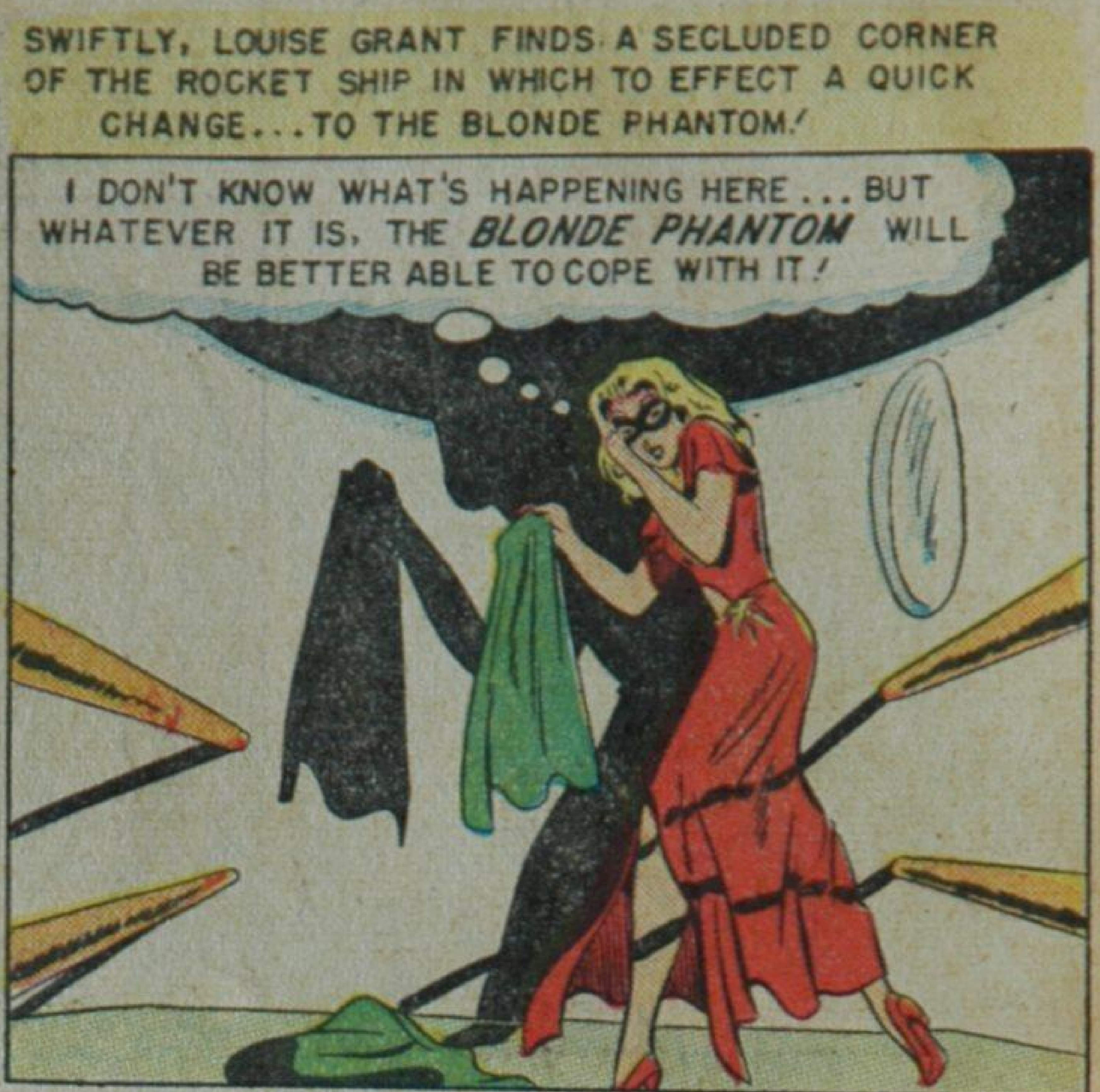

POOR LOUISE GRANT! POOR, LITTLE, NEGLECTED SECRETARY! HERE SHE IS, DAYDREAMING AGAIN...
HOW WONDERFUL IT WOULD BE IF JUST THIS *ONE MORNING,* MARK MASON WOULD WALK INTO THE OFFICE AND ASK ME TO SPEND THE DAY ON A *DATE* WITH HIM! (SIGH!)
1

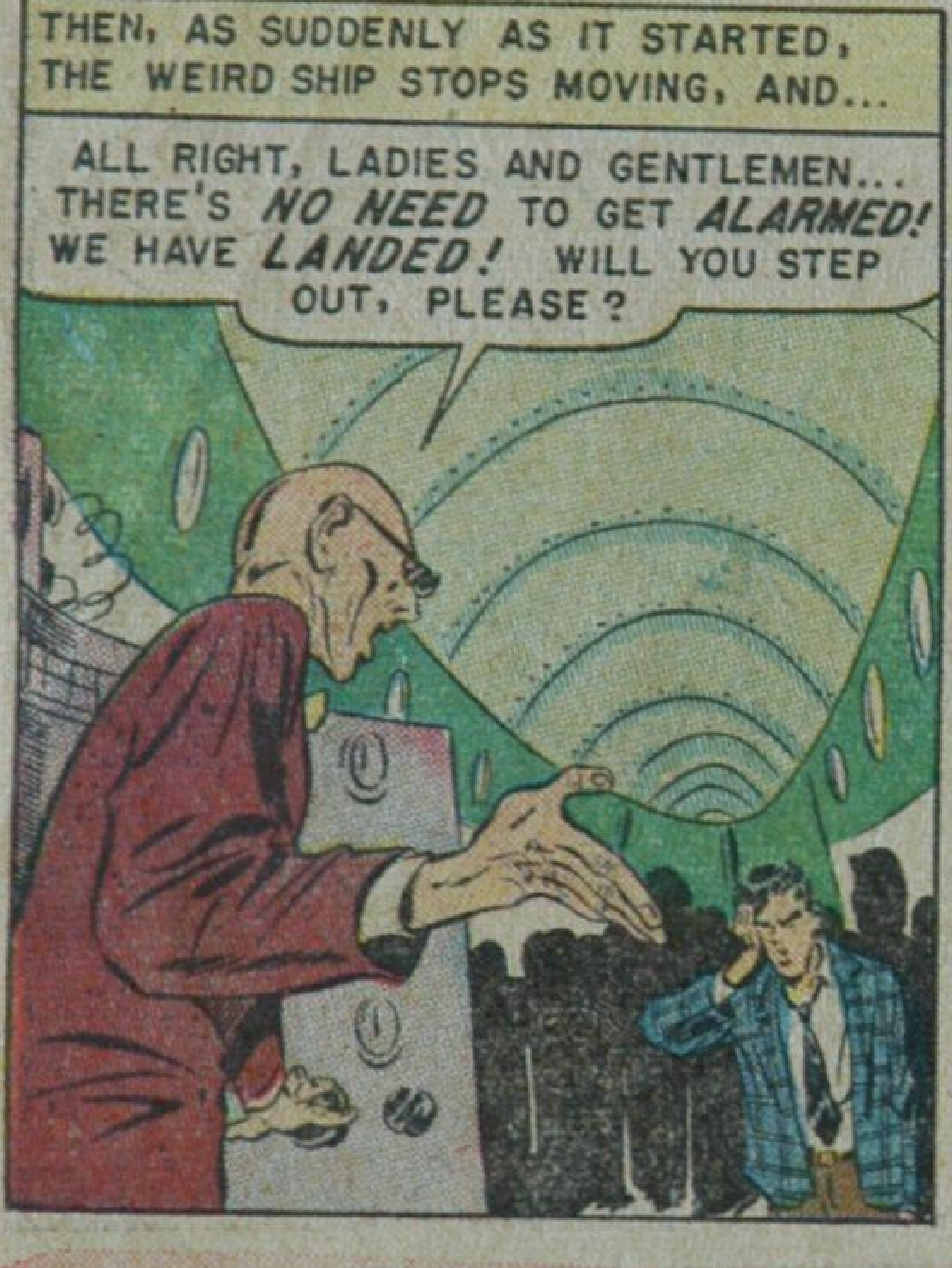

AND HERE COMES THE CAUSE OF ALL LOUISE'S DAYDREAMS... HER BOSS, HER FRIEND, AND HER DREAM-MAN, MARK MASON!
HI THERE, MY MERRY SECRETARY! I'VE GOT A *SURPRISE* FOR YOU!
A *SURPRISE,* MARK? FOR *ME?*

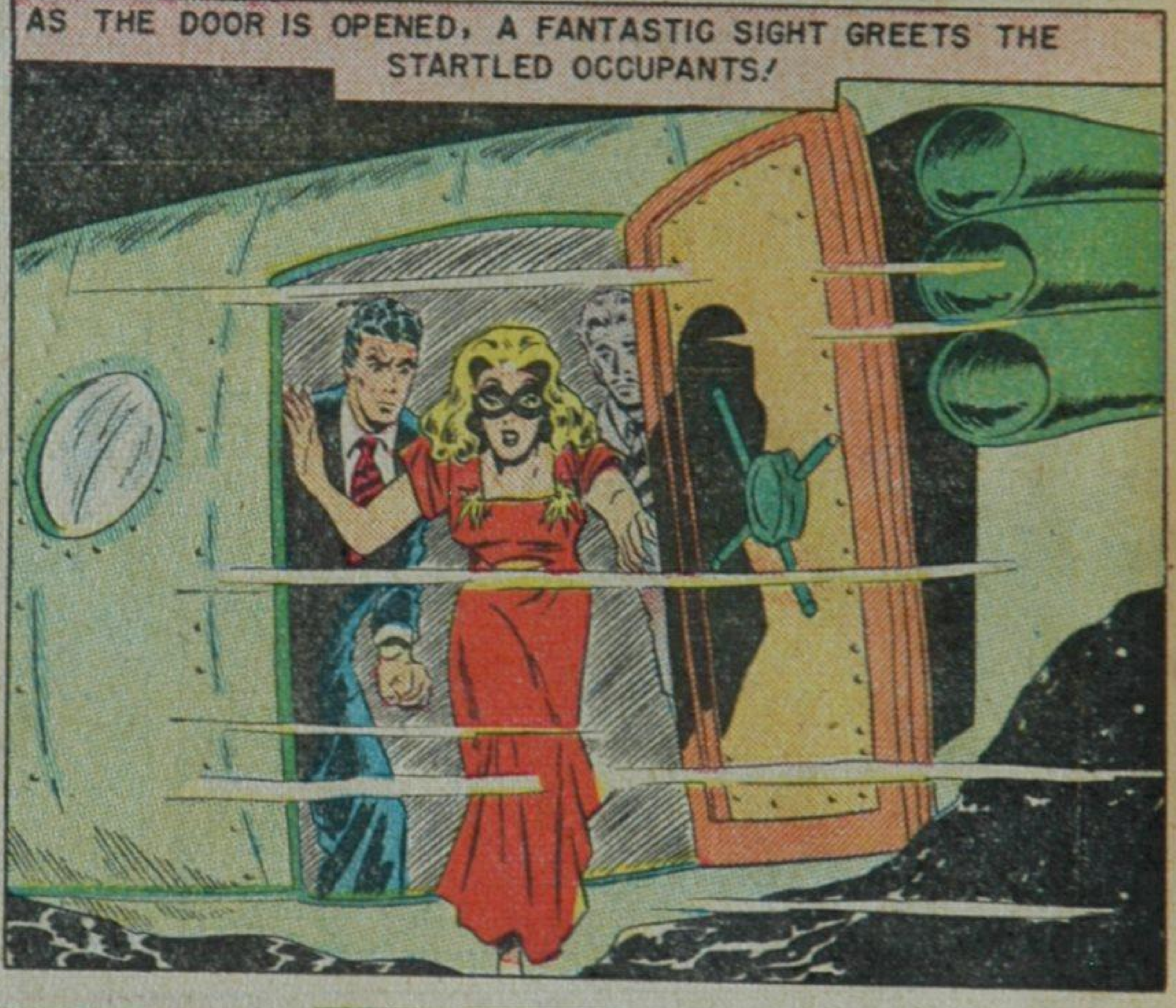
YOU AND I, LITTLE GIRL, ARE GOING TO THE FAIR TODAY! SO COME ON, PUT ON YOUR BIB AND TUCKER!
MARK, YOU MUST BE SUN-STRUCK!
NO, I'M NOT! THE FAIR OF THE FUTURE JUST OPENED DOWNTOWN TODAY, WITH ALL SORTS OF MODERN AND FUTURISTIC INVENTIONS! AND IT'S OUR DUTY, BEING IN THE DETECTIVE BUSINESS, TO KEEP UP WITH NEW INVENTIONS! SO COME ON!
WELL! MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING TO THIS DAYDREAMING BUSINESS, AFTER ALL!
HERE WE ARE!
IT LOOKS EXCITING!
FAIR OF THE FUTURE COME IN AND VISIT TOMORROW! SEE WHAT THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE WILL BE LIKE!
WHOSE IDEA WAS THIS FUTURISTIC FAIR?
SOME ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE NAMED KALL! I'VE NEVER HEARD OF HIM BEFORE, BUT HE SPENT A LOT OF MONEY TO PUT THIS FAIR TOGETHER!
ALMOST EVERY IMPORTANT PERSON IN THE COUNTRY IS HERE TODAY FOR THE OPENING OF THE FAIR!
STRANGE... I'VE NEVER HEARD OF THIS MAN, KALL, EITHER! I'D LIKE TO MEET HIM!
THEN, SUDDENLY, WITH THE SILENCE OF A PANTHER, A TALL, THIN FIGURE STEALS UP BEHIND THE TWO, AND...
AND YOU SHALL HAVE A CHANCE TO MEET HIM! ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I AM KALL!
2

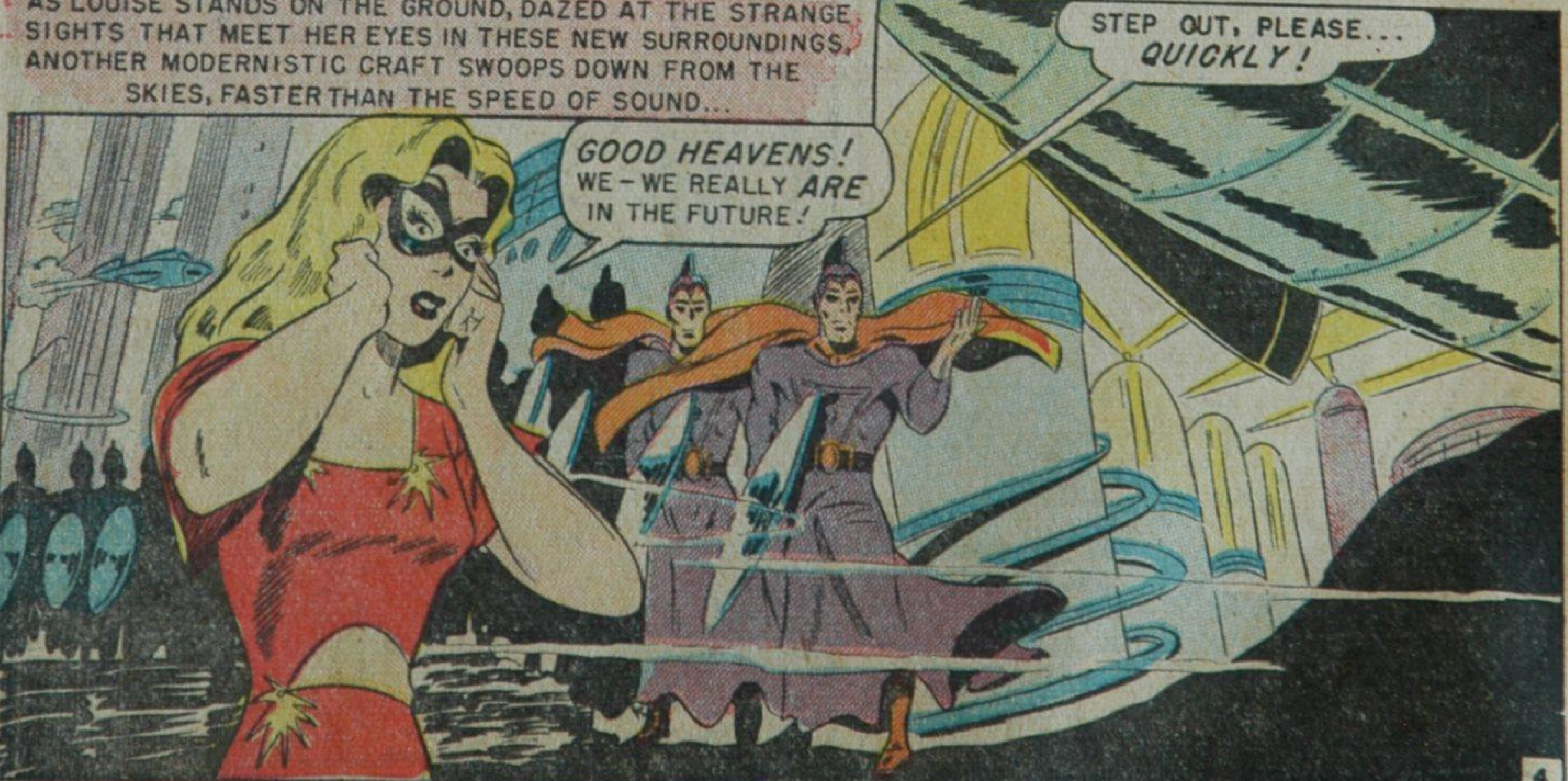
YOU'VE NEVER MET ME, BUT I KNOW WHO *YOU* ARE! YOU ARE MARK MASON, THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE! AND THIS IS YOUR CHARMING SECRETARY!
WHY, *H-HOW DO YOU KNOW?*
I KNOW VERY *MANY* INTERESTING THINGS! FOR EXAMPLE... LISTEN, WHILE I MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT!
LADIES AND GENTLMEN... FOR OUR FIRST EXHIBIT I ASK YOU ALL TO STEP INTO THE *ROCKET SHIP*, WHICH I BUILT IN THE CENTER OF THE HALL!
AND SO, THE LARGE GROUP OF IMPORTANT PERSONALITIES BEGINS FILING INTO THE STARTLING-LOOKING ROCKET SHIP...
THERE'S SOMETHING *VERY WEIRD* ABOUT THAT MAN KALL!
NONSENSE, LOUISE! HE'S JUST A LITTLE *ECCENTRIC*... THAT'S ALL! YOU'VE BEEN WORKING IN MY DETECTIVE OFFICE TOO LONG! YOU'RE SUSPICIOUS OF *EVERYTHING!*
THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT THE INSTRUMENT PANEL OF A ROCKET SHIP OF THE FUTURE WILL LOOK LIKE!
HOW CAN YOU BE SO *SURE* OF THAT, MISTER KALL?
PULL THAT LEVER ON THE PANEL, AND THEN YOU WILL *KNOW* HOW I CAN BE SO SURE!
ALL RIGHT! IS *THIS* THE ONE?
WITHOUT ANY SUSPICION, MARK MASON PULLS THE LEVER AND...
BAM!

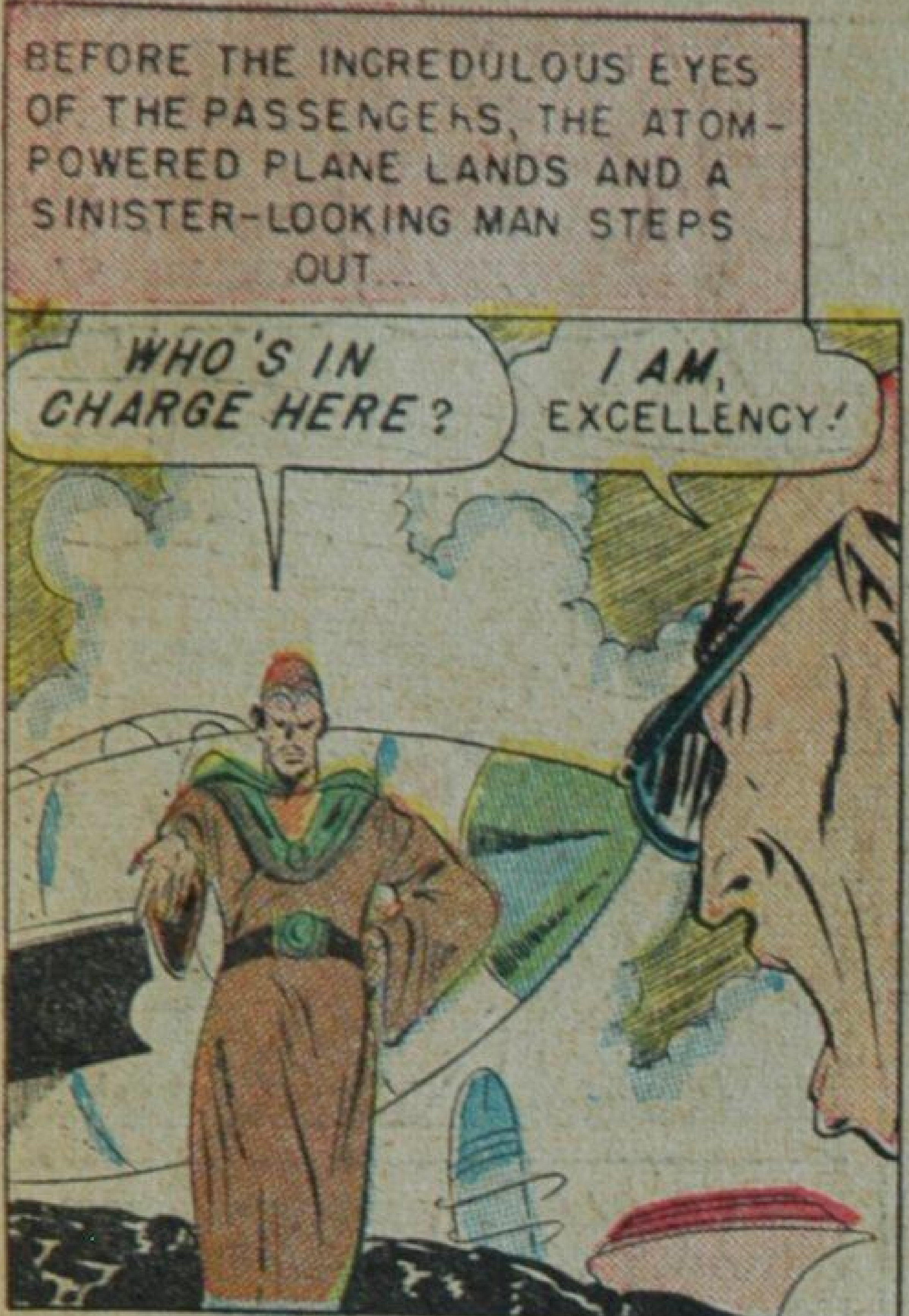

INSIDE THE STRANGE SHIP, AN AMAZING THING HAPPENS...
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING?
IT FEELS LIKE THIS SHIP IS... IS M-MOVING!

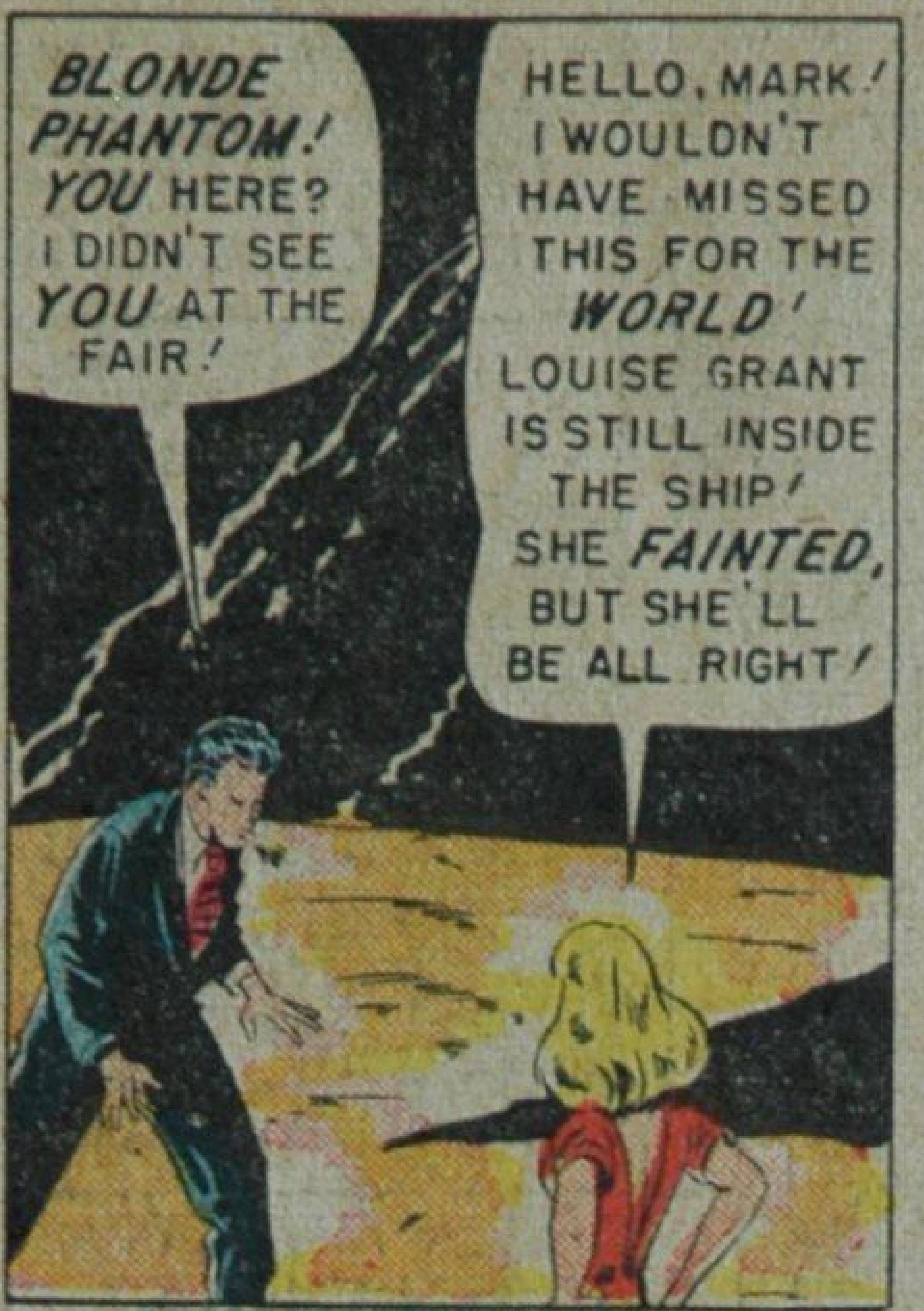

SWIFTLY, LOUISE GRANT FINDS A SECLUDED CORNER OF THE ROCKET SHIP IN WHICH TO EFFECT A QUICK CHANGE... TO THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE... BUT WHATEVER IT IS, THE BLONDE PHANTOM WILL BE BETTER ABLE TO COPE WITH IT!


THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS IT STARTED, THE WEIRD SHIP STOPS MOVING, AND...
ALL RIGHT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... THERE'S NO NEED TO GET ALARMED! WE HAVE LANDED! WILL YOU STEP OUT, PLEASE?

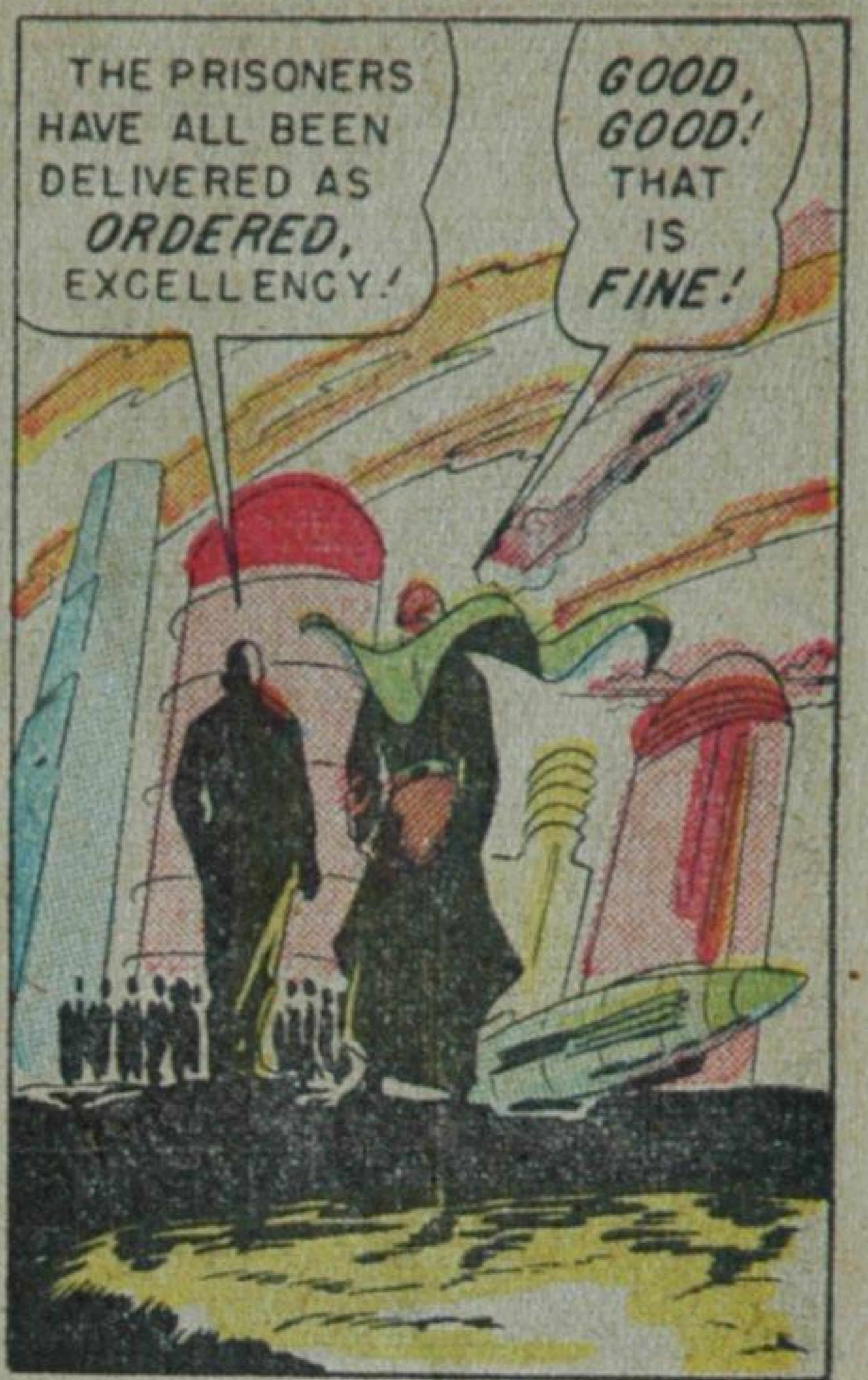

AS THE DOOR IS OPENED, A FANTASTIC SIGHT GREETS THE STARTLED OCCUPANTS!

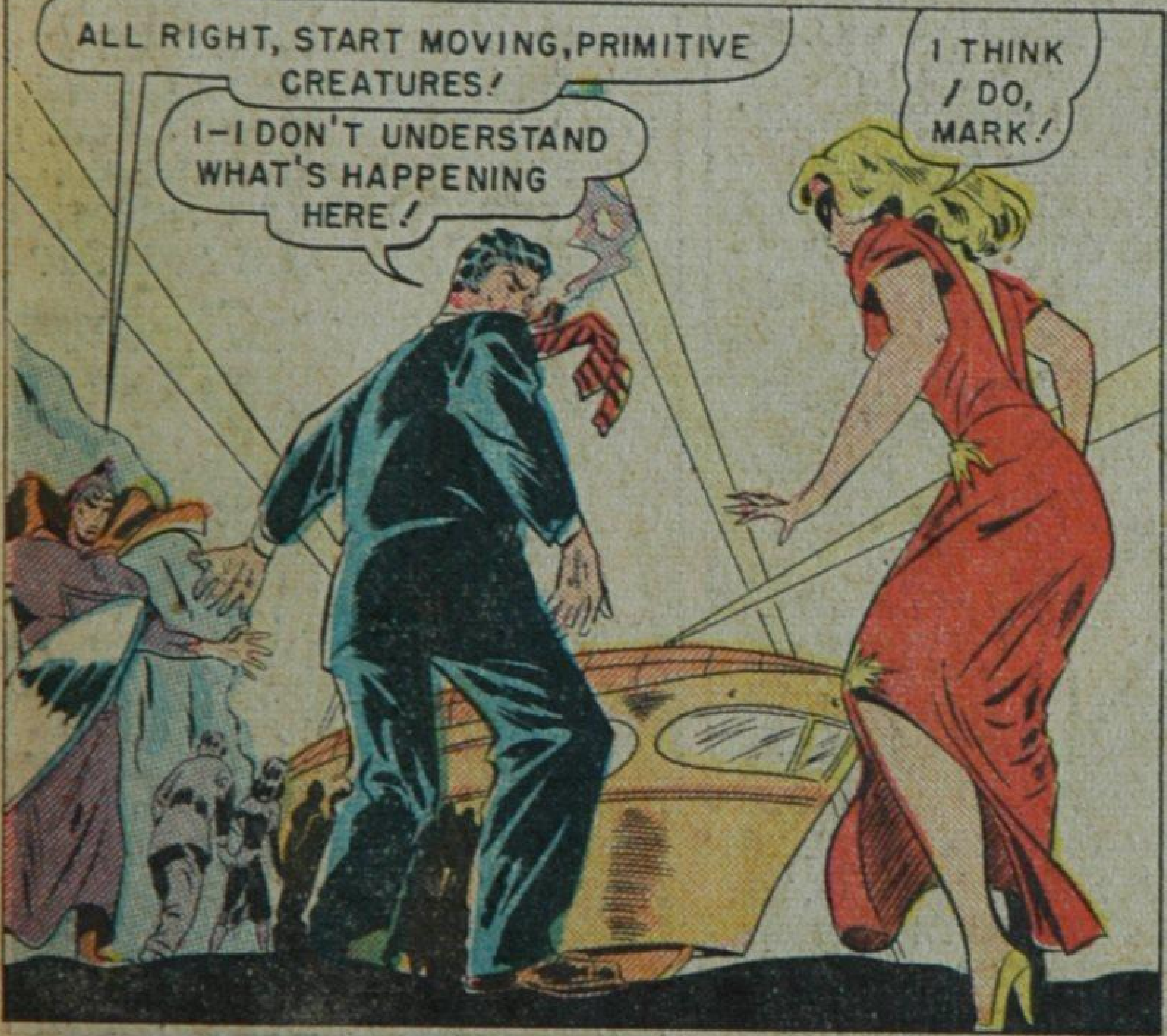

AS LOUISE STANDS ON THE GROUND, DAZED AT THE STRANGE SIGHTS THAT MEET HER EYES IN THESE NEW SURROUNDINGS, ANOTHER MODERNISTIC CRAFT SWOOPS DOWN FROM THE SKIES, FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF SOUND...
STEP OUT, PLEASE... QUICKLY!
GOOD HEAVENS! WE-WE REALLY ARE IN THE FUTURE!

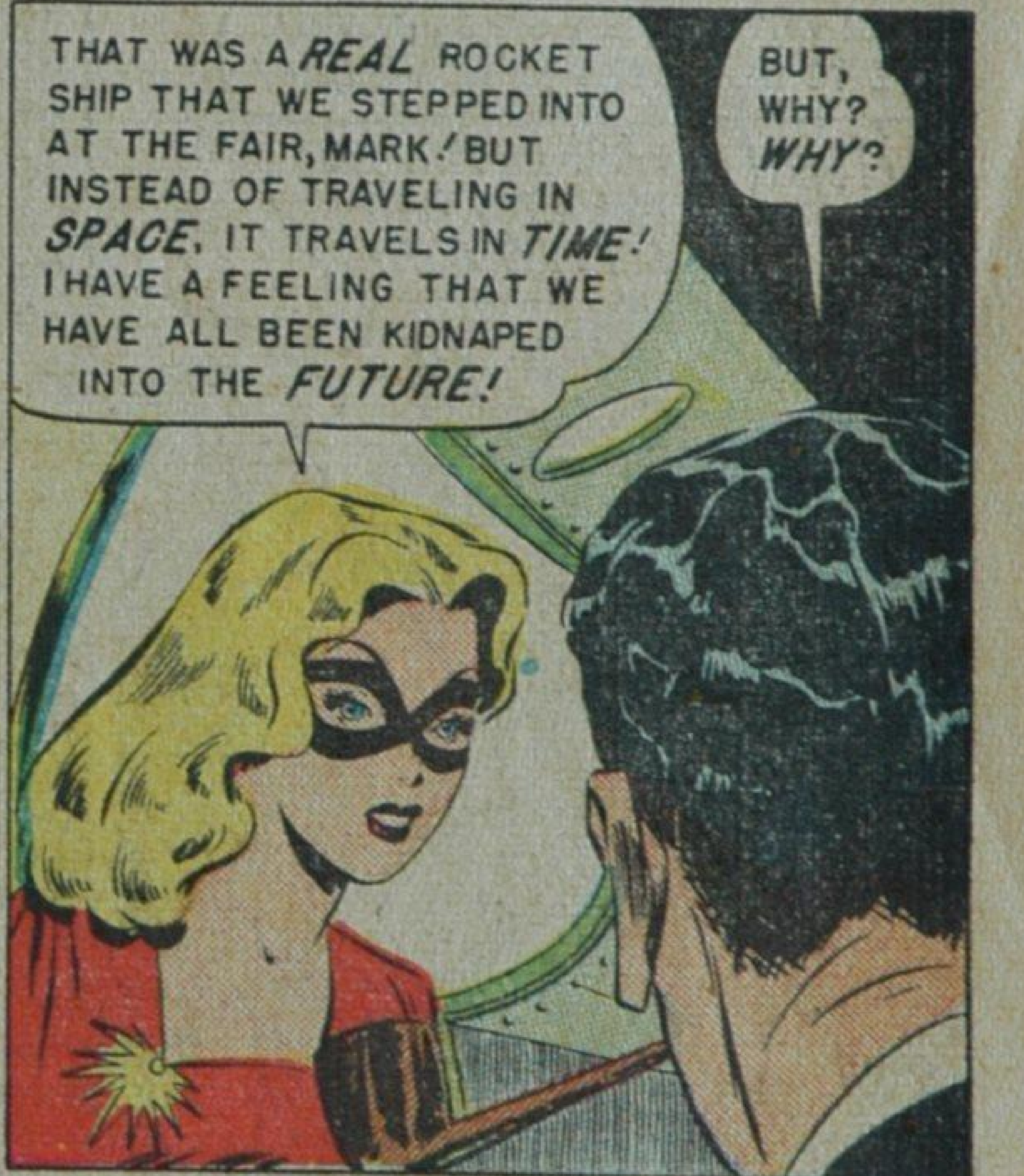

BEFORE THE INCREDULOUS EYES OF THE PASSENGERS, THE ATOM-POWERED PLANE LANDS AND A SINISTER-LOOKING MAN STEPS OUT...
WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?
I AM, EXCELLENCY!

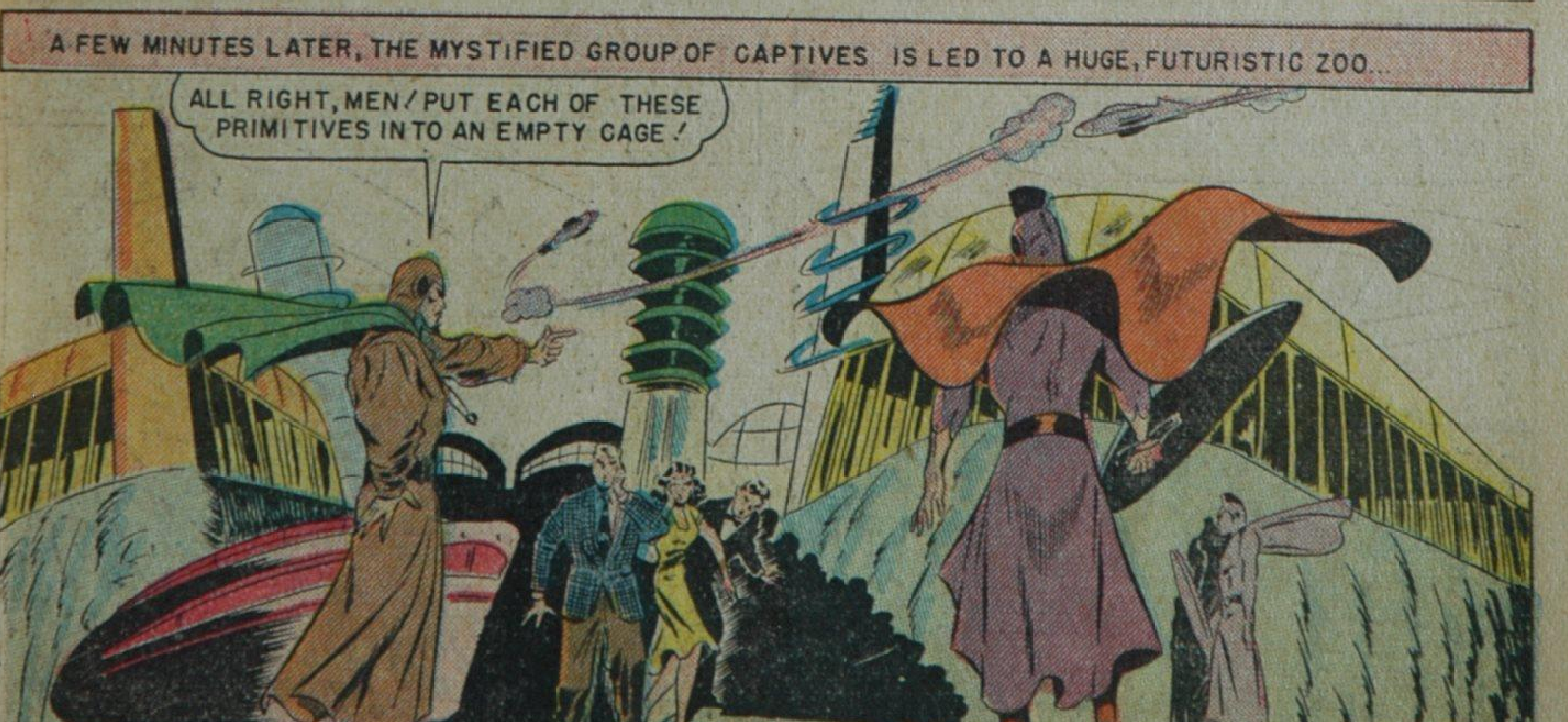

BLONDE PHANTOM! YOU HERE? I DIDN'T SEE YOU AT THE FAIR!
HELLO, MARK! I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THIS FOR THE WORLD! LOUISE GRANT IS STILL INSIDE THE SHIP! SHE FAINTED, BUT SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

AS THE OTHER PASSENGERS DEBARK, MARK MASON SPIES THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS...


THE PRISONERS HAVE ALL BEEN DELIVERED AS ORDERED, EXCELLENCY!
GOOD, GOOD! THAT IS FINE!


ALL RIGHT, START MOVING, PRIMITIVE CREATURES!
I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE!
I THINK I DO, MARK!


THAT WAS A REAL ROCKET SHIP THAT WE STEPPED INTO AT THE FAIR, MARK! BUT INSTEAD OF TRAVELING IN SPACE, IT TRAVELS IN TIME! I HAVE A FEELING THAT WE HAVE ALL BEEN KIDNAPED INTO THE FUTURE!
BUT, WHY? WHY?


A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE MYSTIFIED GROUP OF CAPTIVES IS LED TO A HUGE, FUTURISTIC ZOO...
ALL RIGHT, MEN! PUT EACH OF THESE PRIMITIVES INTO AN EMPTY CAGE!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! WHOEVER YOU ARE, OR WHATEVER YOU ARE... YOU CAN'T PUT ME IN A CAGE! I'M A CONGRESSMAN!
STOP, MISTER CONGRESSMAN! DON'T ANTAGONIZE THEM! LET'S WAIT AND SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT FIRST!
I WON'T STOP! I WON'T WAIT! I KNOW MY RIGHTS!
GUARD, SILENCE THAT PRIMITIVE CREATURE!
THESE UNCIVILIZED SAVAGES WILL HAVE TO BE TAUGHT DISCIPLINE!
HE-HE PETRIFIED HIM WITH THAT LITTLE GUN!
LISTEN TO ME, YOU PRIMITIVES! YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT BACK FROM YOUR CENTURY AS SAMPLES OF WHAT THE HUMAN RACE WAS LIKE HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO! YOU WILL BE KEPT IN OUR ZOO AND STUDIED BY OUR CITIZENS! YOU ARE NOW IN THE 30TH CENTURY, AND DISOBEDIENCE TO OUR ORDERS IS PUNISHABLE BY BEING INSTANTLY PETRIFIED!
AFTER SEEING HOW POWERFUL THE FUTURE WORLD GUARD'S RAY IS, THE REMAINDER OF THE 20TH CENTURY VICTIMS ARE PEACEFULLY LED INTO THEIR CAGES...
I SEE IT ALL NOW! KALL WAS SENT INTO OUR CENTURY AND ORGANIZED THE FUTURISTIC FAIR, JUST TO GET SOME OF THE BEST EXAMPLES OF OUR CITIZENS... OUR LEADERS OF GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRY, INTO HIS MACHINE! IT WAS A TRAP, AND WE FELL FOR IT! WE'VE ALL BEEN KIDNAPED INTO THE FUTURE... UNBELIEVABLE AS IT SOUNDS!
BUT WHAT IS TO PREVENT US FROM LEAVING THESE CAGES? THERE ARE NO BARS HERE... NOTHING BUT THIS RAY OF LIGHT!
BE CAREFUL, MARK!
BUT AS MARK REACHES OUT TO TOUCH THE BEAM OF LIGHT, THE POWER OF A THOUSAND CONCENTRATED VOLTS OF ENERGY STRIKES HIS UNSUSPECTING BODY, AND..
WHAM!

MARK...OH, POOR MARK! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! I-I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE SOMEHOW, AND BRING US ALL BACK TO OUR OWN CENTURY BEFORE WE ALL GET WIPED OUT!
I SEE ANOTHER STUPID PRIMITIVE TRIED TO BREAK THROUGH OUR ENERGY RAY! POOR FOOLS...ALL OF YOU!
IN AN INSTANT, A CHANGE COMES OVER THE BLONDE PHANTOM! SHE PURRS GENTLY AT THE ARROGANT GUARD...
IT'S AMAZING HOW INTELLIGENT YOU FUTURE MEN ARE...AND HOW STUPID WE ARE! FOR INSTANCE... I THINK IT'S ALMOST MAGIC, THE WAY THESE CAGES HOLD US CAPTIVE!
IT'S NOT MAGIC! IT'S A SIMPLE SCIENTIFIC PROCESS, UNKNOWN TO SAVAGES SUCH AS YOU!
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PRESS THIS BUTTON WHICH CONTROLS THE ENERGY RAY AND THE RAY IS BROKEN! THEN, WHEN I RELEASE MY HAND...
BUT THE GUARD DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO RELEASE THE BUTTON, BEFORE HE IS STRUCK BY A FIGURE OF FLYING FEMALE FURY!
THANKS FOR SHOWING ME, BIG BRAIN!
YAAHH!
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE BLONDE PHANTOM STANDS AT ATTENTION AS...
IS EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL, GUARD? YOU KNOW, WE ARE ALLOWING THE PUBLIC TO VIEW THESE PRIMITIVE SPECIMENS TOMORROW MORNING!
YES, SIR! EVERYTHING IS FINE!
YES, INDEED! THESE FUTURE MEN CERTAINLY CAN'T BE FOOLED BY US MERE SAVAGES!
HMM...FUTURE OR NOT, A TAXI IS JUST WHAT I NEED!
TAXICABS

BUT INSIDE OF THE TAXICAB BOOTH, THE BLONDE PHANTOM IS SURPRISED TO FIND...
THAT'S FUNNY! THERE AREN'T ANY CABS IN HERE! WONDER WHAT *SHE'S* DOING?
THE *SHOPPING CENTER*, PLEASE...
HEAVENS! SHE—SHE *JUST VANISHED!*
SUMMING UP ALL HER NERVE, THE BLONDE PHANTOM ALSO DONS THE STRANGE-LOOKING HEADGEAR!
THAT MUST BE THE WAY THEY TRAVEL HERE, BY *TELEPATHY*, OR SOME SUCH THING! WELL, WHAT CAN I LOSE?
THE—THE *RESIDENCE* OF HIS *EXCELLENCY*, PLEASE!
NO SOONER ARE THE WORDS OUT OF HER MOUTH THAN THE BLONDE PHANTOM IS WHISKED THROUGH TEMPORAL SPACE ON A TELEPATHIC TAXI, NEVER BEFORE DREAMED OF BY TWENTIETH CENTURY HUMANS!

AND, A SECOND LATER...
IT-IT *WORKED!* THIS CERTAINLY DOES BEAT OUR *SUBWAYS* ALL HOLLOW!
THERE'S NO NEED FOR MY DISGUISE NOW! I CAN GO INTO ACTION BETTER AS THE *BLONDE PHANTOM!*
THAT'S FUNNY! THERE'S *NO ENTRANCE!* HOW DO THESE CHARACTERS GET *INTO* THEIR HOUSES?
WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT, THE BLONDE PHANTOM IS CAUGHT UP BY A QUICKLY DARTING FORCE-ELEVATOR RAY, AND IS CARRIED TOWARD THE CASTLE!
RATHER THAN BREAK UP THE APPEARANCE OF THEIR BUILDINGS WITH DOORWAYS, THE FUTURE MEN CONCEAL THEM WITH SOLID-BEAMS, WHICH LOOK LIKE PIECES OF WALL... BUT THROUGH WHICH, IN REALITY, ONE CAN PASS!
HEAVENS! IT-IT'S CARRYING ME *RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!*
AND FINALLY, THE BLONDE PHANTOM IS BROUGHT TO THE RULER OF THIS AMAZING NATION OF THE FUTURE!
WELCOME, YOUNG LADY! I'VE BEEN *WATCHING* YOU!
HOW HAVE YOU BEEN WATCHING ME?
YOU SEE, THROUGH THIS SCREEN, I CAN SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING *ANYWHERE* IN THIS CITY ...OR IN THE *ENTIRE NATION!*
I SEE! SORT OF AN *ADVANCED TELEVISION GADGET,* EH?

YOU FOOL! YOU COMPARE THIS AMAZING DEVICE WITH YOUR ANCIENT PUNY SYSTEM OF TELEVISION? DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT THE MEN OF TODAY ARE SO MUCH MORE ADVANCED THAN YOU, THAT YOU ARE LIKE A SAVAGE TO US?
SLAM!
FOR EXAMPLE, YOU PROBABLY CAME HERE INTENDING TO FORCE ME TO FREE YOU AND YOUR FELLOW COUNTRYMEN AND RETURN YOU TO YOUR OWN ERA! WELL, GO AHEAD... TRY IT! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE DEAL WITH SAVAGES SUCH AS YOU!
VERY WELL!
FIRST OF ALL, NO MATTER WHAT CENTURY IT IS, A PUNCH IN THE JAW IS STILL A PUNCH IN THE JAW!
FOOL!
OWW!
BY MERELY TOUCHING A BUTTON ON HIS BELT, THE FUTURE NATION RULER CAUSES A PROTECTIVE INDESTRUCTIBLE WALL TO DROP BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
AND NOW I GIVE YOU LESSON TWO!
A R-ROBOT!
YOU SEE, YOU ARE POWERLESS AGAINST ME! I HAVE ROBOTS AT MY COMMAND... FORCE-RAYS... SOLID-BEAMS... SPACE-RAYS... ATOMIC-JET MACHINES! BY MEANS OF THESE FEW BUTTONS ON MY BELT, I AM ABLE TO RULE A WORLD!
OW! LET GO!
I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY SMART, WITH ALL YOUR INVENTIONS AND TRICK DEVICES, DON'T YOU? WELL, I'VE NEVER BEEN BEATEN BEFORE, AND I'M STILL NOT GIVING UP TO ANY FIEND FROM THE FUTURE!

PRETTY SMART? HOW DARE YOU INSULT ME THAT WAY? HERE IN THE WORLD OF THE 30TH CENTURY, SMARTNESS AND BRAINS MEAN NOTHING... DO YOU HEAR? MEN STOPPED WORKING WITH THEIR BRAINS YEARS AGO!
LOOK! THIS IS WHAT DOES OUR THINKING FOR US NOW... MACHINES! MACHINES AND RAYS THINK FOR US, WORK FOR US, AND ARE OUR SLAVES! MEN OF TODAY NEED NOT WORK OR THINK! WE JUST ENJOY THE SERVICES OF OUR MACHINES! WATCH!
IF I WANT TO PAINT A PICTURE, FOR INSTANCE, I SIMPLY PRESS THIS BUTTON, IMAGINE WHAT PICTURE I WANT TO PAINT, AND THEN...
...THE PAINTING IS DONE FOR ME!
AMAZING!
AT THE PRESSING OF ANOTHER BUTTON, A HUGE, TRANSLUCENT ELECTRONIC SCREEN APPEARS FROM THE CEILING...
NO ONE HAS TO WORK! ROBOTS WORK FOR US! WATCH AGAIN!
THE ROBOTS CARE FOR OUR MACHINES, AND DO OUR WORRYING FOR US! THE ONLY HUMANS WHO WORK ARE OUR SOLDIERS, AND IT IS ONE OF THE HIGHEST HONORS TO BE A SOLDIER!
HE'S LOCO!

AND YOU, A PUNY, SAVAGE GIRL, DARE TO TELL ME THAT YOU THINK YOU CAN PREVENT *ME* FROM KEEPING *YOU* IN A *CAGE?* HO! HO! HO!
YES, I DARE...
...BECAUSE, YOU SEE, I *KNOW HOW* TO *DEFEAT* YOU!
I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE MORE DIFFICULT, BUT *YOU, YOURSELF,* HAVE GIVEN ME *ONE CLUE* TO YOUR WEAKNESS WHICH I *NEED!*
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE ZOO, MARK MASON QUICKLY RECOVERS FROM HIS SHOCK, DUE TO THE ADVANCED MEDICINE OF THE 30TH CENTURY, AND PACES BACK AND FORTH, WORRIED...
WHAT CAN HAVE HAPPENED TO THE BLONDE PHANTOM... AND TO LOUISE GRANT? IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME WAY I COULD ESCAPE AND HELP ONE OF THEM!
THEN, SUDDENLY...
IT'S *SHE!* IT'S THE *BLONDE PHANTOM!*
WAIT! WHAT AM I HAPPY ABOUT? SHE'S BEEN *TAKEN PRISONER* AGAIN! THAT MEANS THAT WE'RE *ALL* SUNK! *OUR LAST CHANCE IS GONE!*
AND THEN, LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE, AN AMAZING ORDER...
SHUT OFF THE RAYS AND FREE THE PRISONERS!
YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY!

MARK, WE'VE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! WE'RE BEING SENT *BACK* TO OUR *OWN CENTURY!* I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT WHEN WE'RE IN THE ROCKET SHIP!
HOW—HOW DID YOU *DO* IT?
AT THE SHIP, AFTER ALL THE OTHERS ARE ABOARD...
YOU NEED WORRY ABOUT *NOTHING*, BLONDE PHANTOM! *NEVER AGAIN* WILL WE TRY TO TAKE CAPTIVES FROM THE PAST! AND *NO ONE* WILL REMEMBER ANYTHING OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED THIS DAY *EXCEPT YOURSELF!*
I'M *STILL NOT SATISFIED!*
YOU HAVE DONE A *HORRIBLE THING*, AND MAY SOME DAY BREAK YOUR PROMISE AND TRY TO DO IT AGAIN! I'LL TAKE *YOU WITH ME* TO MAKE SURE YOU *NEVER AGAIN CAN!* NOW YOU WILL BE A PRISONER IN *MY* CENTURY! COME...
--*VERY WELL!*
TELL ME... TELL ME *HOW* YOU *MANAGED* THIS, AGAINST ALL THEIR MACHINES AND SCIENCE! HOW DID YOU *BEAT* THEM?
IT WAS *SIMPLE!* THEY'VE HAD *MACHINES* DO THEIR THINKING FOR SO LONG, THAT THEIR *OWN* BRAINS ARE *WEAK*...
...SO I *SIMPLY HYPNOTIZED* HIM! HYPNOTISM, A STRONG WILL, OVERCOMING A WEAK WILL... THE *ONE THING AGAINST WHICH THEY HAVE NO DEFENSE!*
LOUISE! LOUISE! STOP DAYDREAMING AND WAKE UP! THERE'S A STRANGE-LOOKING GUY HERE TO SEE YOU!
LATER BACK IN THE 20TH CENTURY, LOUISE GRANT IMAGINES THAT THE ADVENTURES OF THE BLONDE PHANTOM IN THE FUTURE WAS ALL A DREAM UNTIL...
I... EH... OH, IT—WAS JUST A *DREAM!* OHHH...
HE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT YOU INTEND TO DO WITH HIM... WHATEVER HE MEANS BY *THAT!*
IT'S—IT'S... *OHHH!*
THE END

TOUGHER THAN MOST

AT that hour of the night, the drugstore was all but empty. Despite its size, only six people sat at the lunch counter having a midnight snack. The two men who loitered outside the door sized them up quickly. Five were truck drivers on the night shift, the other was a well dressed young fellow who seemed a little out of place beside the burly drivers.

The two men peered in through the windows, then looked up and down the street quickly. One said, "How does it look to you?"

"Clear," the larger one remarked. "The cop on the beat won't come around for ten minutes. This joint has had a busy day and the cash register will be full. And besides . . ." he gave his companion a tight grin, ". . . those drivers have just been paid off today. That will be extra gravy."

For a moment the little guy fingered the gun in his pocket. "Let's get it over with then. This part of town is too tough for us to fool around in. When the job's done I'm taking the first train out to the coast."

The two nodded; their hands went into their pockets and came out with guns held at hip level. The tall fellow pushed open the door and they stepped inside. No one bothered to look around at all. The attendant behind the counter was stifling a yawn, dead tired after a busy day. The yawn froze on his face when he saw the guns covering the counter. His expression was enough to turn the heads of the truck drivers. They looked around once, staring hard, finding it difficult to believe what was happening.

When the little guy said, "This is a stick-up, gents. Don't bother raising your hands, just keep them out in front of you, real limp like. That way you won't get hurt," the five men lifted their hands as the two guns swung to cover them.

Big fellow was frowning. "Hey, you at the end of the counter. Turn around!" Eyes moved toward the well dressed man, who seemed too intent upon eating his sandwich to bother with holdup men. "Buddy . . . maybe you don't believe this is a real gun . . ." He still didn't move.

The silence was unbearable for a long moment. The little crook glanced swiftly at the clock. Seven minutes left to do the job and beat it before the cop on the beat came around. He looked at his partner. "Maybe he's a tough guy. Maybe he wants to get himself shot. Maybe we ought to shoot him, just to show him we're tougher than he is."

"Maybe so, pal. I'll count to three. If he doesn't turn around I'll put one right through his back."

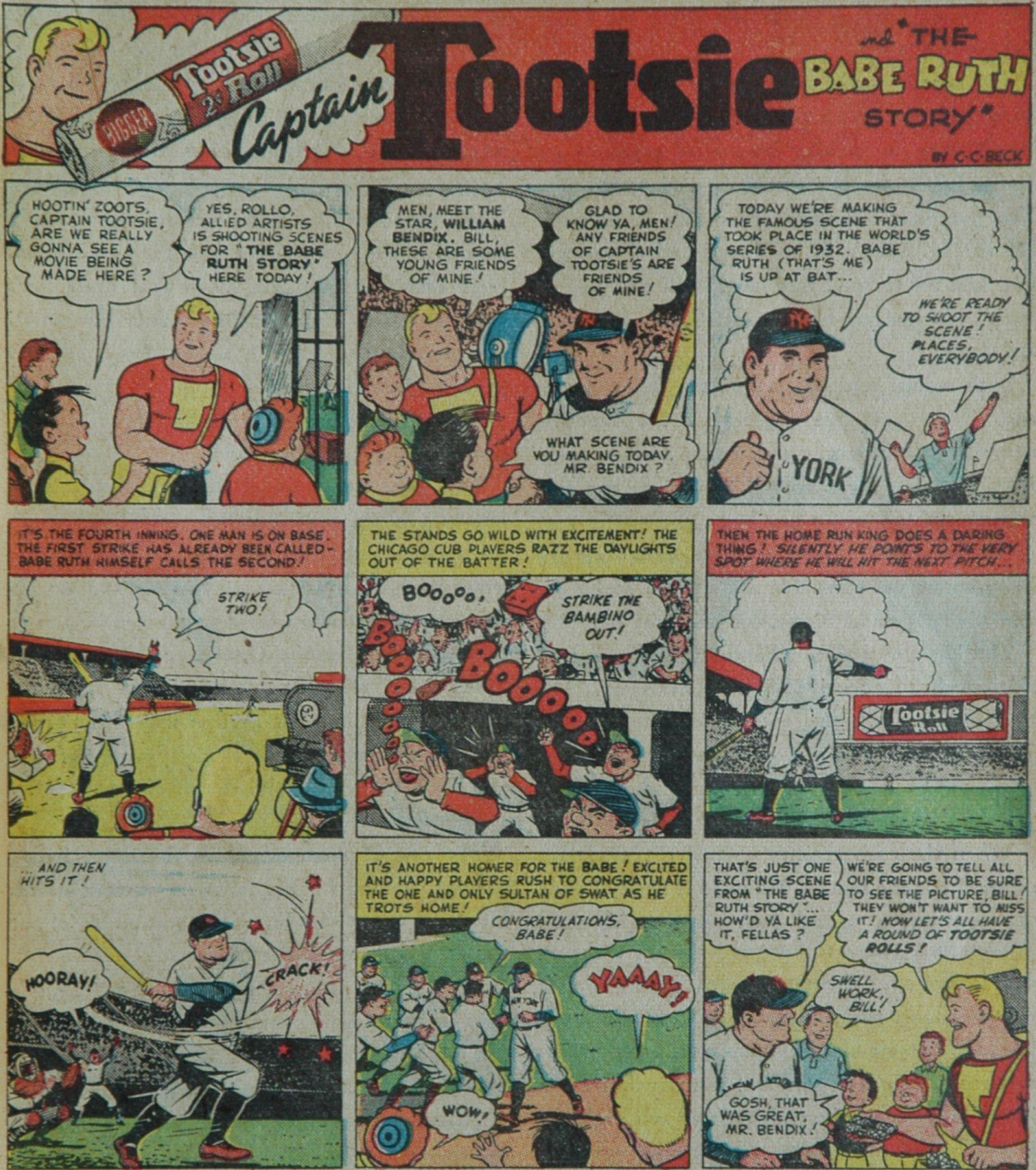
Behind the counter the attendant went white. "Look, mister . . . don't mess with that guy. He's not like you . . . he's . . ."

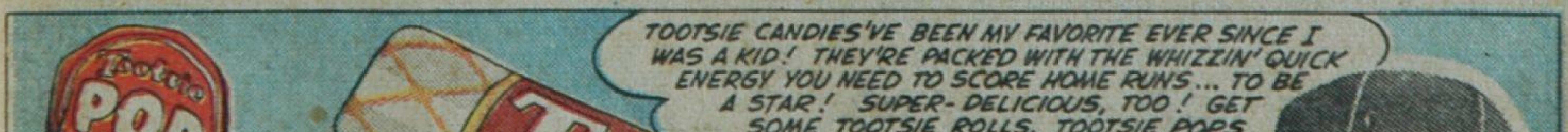
"One . . . two . . ." The fellow made no move at all except to take another bite of his sandwich. ". . . three."

As the final count snapped out, the fellow turned his head. He looked around casually, not far enough to see the two men behind him, but enough to smile at the horrified grimaces on the faces of the drivers. For some reason it all seemed funny to him. His smile was tight, but not forced. Around his eyes little wrinkles danced, making his face change expression almost constantly.

The big guy with the gun was red with anger. His finger tightened on the trigger of the gun and the attendant saw it immediately. "Please, mister . . whatever you do, don't shoot at that guy. He's different . . . he's . . ."

". . . Real tough, I guess?" the little fellow cut in. His voice quavered. "We heard about these tough guys in this part of town. They all carry


Tootsie 2¢ Roll
BIGGER
Captain Tootsie
and "THE BABE RUTH STORY"
BY C.C. BECK
HOOTIN' ZOOTS, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE, ARE WE REALLY GONNA SEE A MOVIE BEING MADE HERE ?
YES, ROLLO, ALLIED ARTISTS IS SHOOTING SCENES FOR "THE BABE RUTH STORY" HERE TODAY!
MEN, MEET THE STAR, WILLIAM BENDIX. BILL, THESE ARE SOME YOUNG FRIENDS OF MINE!
GLAD TO KNOW YA, MEN! ANY FRIENDS OF CAPTAIN TOOTSIE'S ARE FRIENDS OF MINE!
WHAT SCENE ARE YOU MAKING TODAY, MR. BENDIX ?
TODAY WE'RE MAKING THE FAMOUS SCENE THAT TOOK PLACE IN THE WORLD'S SERIES OF 1932. BABE RUTH (THAT'S ME) IS UP AT BAT...
WE'RE READY TO SHOOT THE SCENE! PLACES, EVERYBODY!
YORK
IT'S THE FOURTH INNING. ONE MAN IS ON BASE. THE FIRST STRIKE HAS ALREADY BEEN CALLED - BABE RUTH HIMSELF CALLS THE SECOND!
STRIKE TWO!
THE STANDS GO WILD WITH EXCITEMENT! THE CHICAGO CUB PLAYERS RAZZ THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF THE BATTER!
BOOOOO.
STRIKE THE BAMBINO OUT!
BOO
BOOOOOO
OOOOOO
THEN THE HOME RUN KING DOES A DARING THING! SILENTLY HE POINTS TO THE VERY SPOT WHERE HE WILL HIT THE NEXT PITCH...
Tootsie Roll
... AND THEN HITS IT!
HOORAY!
-CRACK!
IT'S ANOTHER HOMER FOR THE BABE! EXCITED AND HAPPY PLAYERS RUSH TO CONGRATULATE THE ONE AND ONLY SULTAN OF SWAT AS HE TROTS HOME!
CONGRATULATIONS, BABE!
YAAAY!
WOW!
THAT'S JUST ONE EXCITING SCENE FROM "THE BABE RUTH STORY"... HOW'D YA LIKE IT, FELLAS ?
WE'RE GOING TO TELL ALL OUR FRIENDS TO BE SURE TO SEE THE PICTURE, BILL! THEY WON'T WANT TO MISS IT! NOW LET'S ALL HAVE A ROUND OF TOOTSIE ROLLS!
SWELL WORK, BILL!
GOSH, THAT WAS GREAT, MR. BENDIX!


TOOTSIE CANDIES'VE BEEN MY FAVORITE EVER SINCE I WAS A KID! THEY'RE PACKED WITH THE WHIZZIN' QUICK ENERGY YOU NEED TO SCORE HOME RUNS... TO BE A STAR! SUPER-DELICIOUS, TOO! GET SOME TOOTSIE ROLLS, TOOTSIE POPS AND TOOTSIE COCONUT FUDGE TODAY!
Tootsie POP
Tootsie Roll
Tootsie Coconut Fudge

DELICIOUS, CHEWY CHOCOLATY TREAT

CHOCOLATY TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER

JUICY COCONUT CENTER

WILLIAM BENDIX
AS HE APPEARS
IN "THE BABE
RUTH STORY"
A
Roy Del Ruth
Production
Released Through
Allied Artists

rods and think they're the fastest things that ever moved when it comes to pulling out a rod and blasting away."

This time he spoke to the fellow's back. "Okay, buddy, so you have a rod and you can get it out fast. You're just waiting for a good excuse to go for it. Just remember something . . . tough guy. You got your rod under your arm or on your hip maybe. Mine's in my hand, and if you get wise and try to spoil this job I'll fill you full of lead." He nudged his partner, "Start collecting the dough."

Both crooks kept one eye on the fellow at the end. They were nervous now . . . shooting nervous. The little guy didn't take his gun away from his back for a second. Situations like this weren't right. When a guy has a gun you're supposed to respect it. The fellow didn't give a hang about the guns. He still smiled as he ate and his eyes acted funny, but that was all.

The big guy took no chances. He kept to one side, ready to duck if it became necessary. "Put that dough from the register on the counter, Jack," he said. He looked at the truck drivers. "You guys . . start pulling the wallets out of your pockets and put them up with the rest."

When the cash register opened the attendant scooped out the money. He piled it neatly beside the machine, a pained look crossing his face. Wallets were tossed to the pile while the two gunmen looked on. The minutes were getting shorter now, but there was still plenty of time. When the last wallet joined the heap, the tall fellow motioned with his gun and the truck drivers inched away from the cash register and gathered at one end of the counter. At the other end, the well dressed fellow was finishing the last of his sandwich.

The short crook cocked the trigger of his revolver. "Okay, wise guy, get away from that dough and turn around. I'm not going to tell you again."

For the first time the fellow left his stool. In a very casual manner he reached for a napkin and began wiping his mouth. The tall guy barked, "Watch him . . . don't let him go for his rod!"

Now, more than ever, the two crooks were tense with excitement. The fellow slid from his stool and took a step toward the pile of money. When the little guy saw that, the gun in his hand began to tremble and his finger curled around the trigger. "You . . . get away from that dough . . . I warn you!"

His friend stood with his mouth hanging open, amazed at the nerve of the guy. He said, "Shoot him! Don't let him get away with that! He's going to hijack the stuff from under our noses. He can't be so fast with a gun that you can't get him. Shoot him!"

The little guy gasped, "Suppose he is . . . *you* shoot him! I don't like this!"

Two guns were trained on the fellow's back, but he paid them no attention, acting as though the men behind him never existed. His hands were steady; not a trace of fear showed on his face, whereas the two crooks were jumping with frustration and panic. One practically shouted, "He's tough, all right . . . he's got to be tough! I'm not going to mess around with him. Come on, let's get out of here! If he tries to draw his gun we'll shoot it out! Let the money be . . . I don't want it!"

The two of them edged to the door, hands shaking, waiting for the fellow to move. He did. His hand went to his hip. The short crook let out a bellow and pulled the trigger.

But the slug sailed into the ceiling. The two cops that had come in with a rush, grabbed them from behind, pinning their arms. Another shot blasted the floor, then it was over.

Thoroughly subdued, the pair were manacled together, but their eyes never left the fellow at the cash register. Their eyes opened wider. The fellow pulled out some change and slowly counted it, smiled and left. He seemed surprised to see the cops and the two crooks. The little guy said to the attendant, "Him . . . who is he . . . superman?"

The attendant shook his head. "I tried to tell you before . . . the guy's deaf, that's all."

THE END

SL-4031

RED UNIT

Annie Oakley
Blackstone the Magician
Blonde Phantom
Complete Mystery Stories
Crimefighters Always Win
Georgie
Ideal Comics
Joker Comics
Justice
Lawbreakers Always Lose
Margie
Marvel Mystery Comics
Millie the Model
Namora
Nellie the Nurse
Patsy Walker
Sub-Mariner
Sun Girl
Teen Comics
Tessie the Typist
Tex Morgan
Two-Gun Kid
Wild Western
Willie

BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

All-True Crime Cases
All Winners
Blaze Carson
Captain America
Cindy
Comedy Comics
Frankie
Gay Comics
Hedy de Vine
Human Torch
Jeanie
Junior Miss
Kid Colt
Krazy Komics
Lana
Mitzi
My Romance
Oscar
Powerhouse Pepper
Rusty
Super Rabbit
Tex Taylor
The Witness
Venus
Wacky Duck

MARVEL COMIC GROUP

Hi, Friends:

The editors of this magazine would like to ask you an important question —— Why are you reading this magazine?

We believe the answer is that you enjoy comics, and that you enjoy reading this particular comic.

We want to help you protect your right to buy and read your favorite magazines, as long as they contain nothing that might be harmful to you. That is why we are writing you this open letter.

Lately, lots of people have been criticizing comics. They have been saying that comics teach you youngsters things that are not good for you, things like violence, cruelty, immorality, etc.

Some time back, we were fortunate in obtaining editorial advice from Dr. Jean Thompson, a psychiatrist in the Child Guidance Bureau of the New York City Board of Education. Dr. Thompson read our magazines, approved our stories generally, gave us suggestions for the finest kind of stories, and agreed to serve as editorial consultant on all future magazines. She will insure the fact that our comics contain nothing that might meet with objections from your parents, teachers or friends.

That is our answer to the charge that comics are bad.

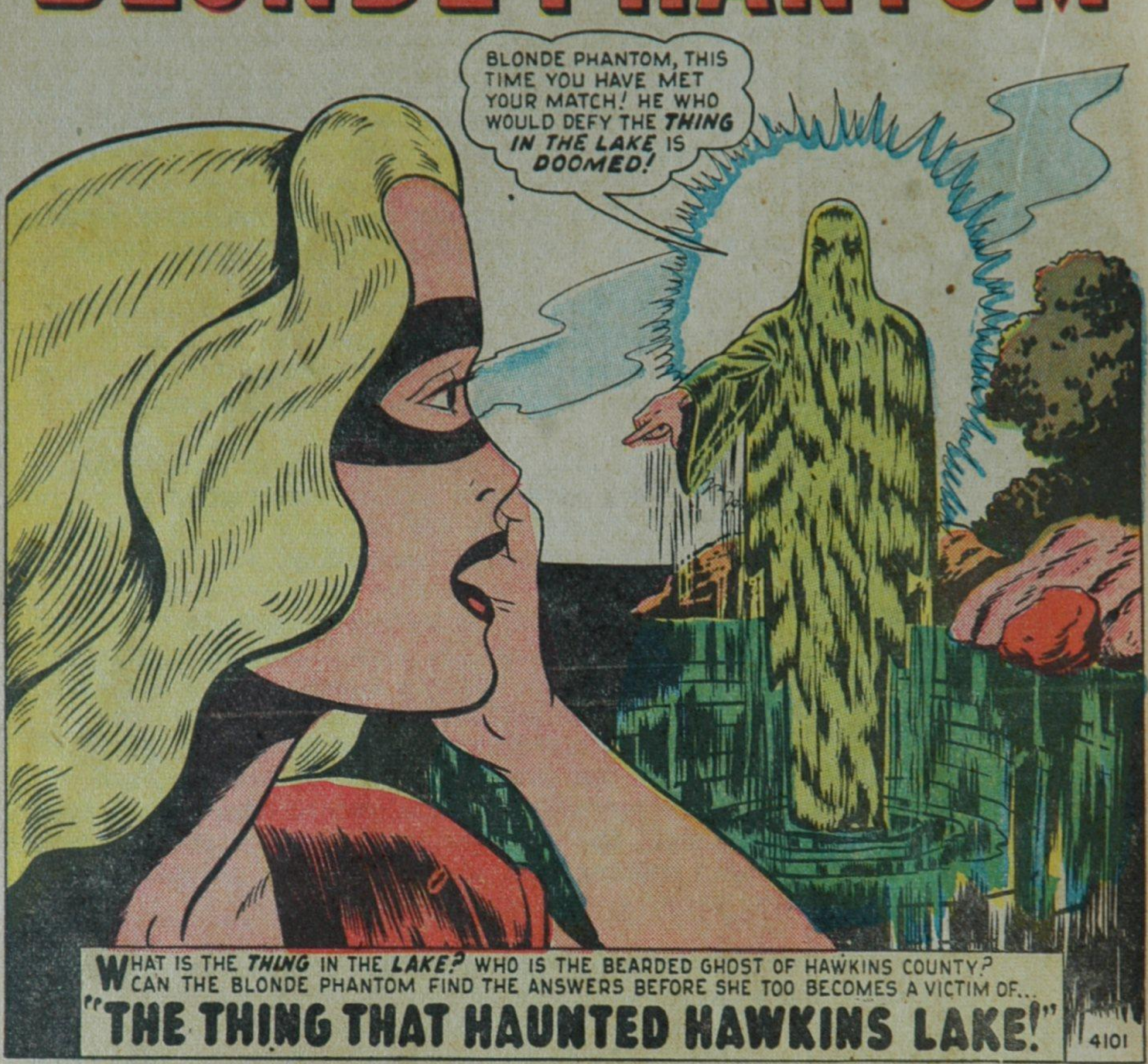
Now, this is the way we can help you keep the privilege of buying and reading what you want. The magazines listed on this page are all in the Marvel Comic Group. Look through them, and you will see that there is nothing in these magazines that could possibly be considered harmful. Then show them to the critics of comics. Prove to those people that here is reading matter that no one can criticize.

Use judgment. Buy only the best comics, like the magazines listed on this page, or any of the other good ones, and prove to people that the magazines you read are above criticism.

If you do that, no one will ever want to take your magazines away from you.

The Editors
Marvel Comic Group

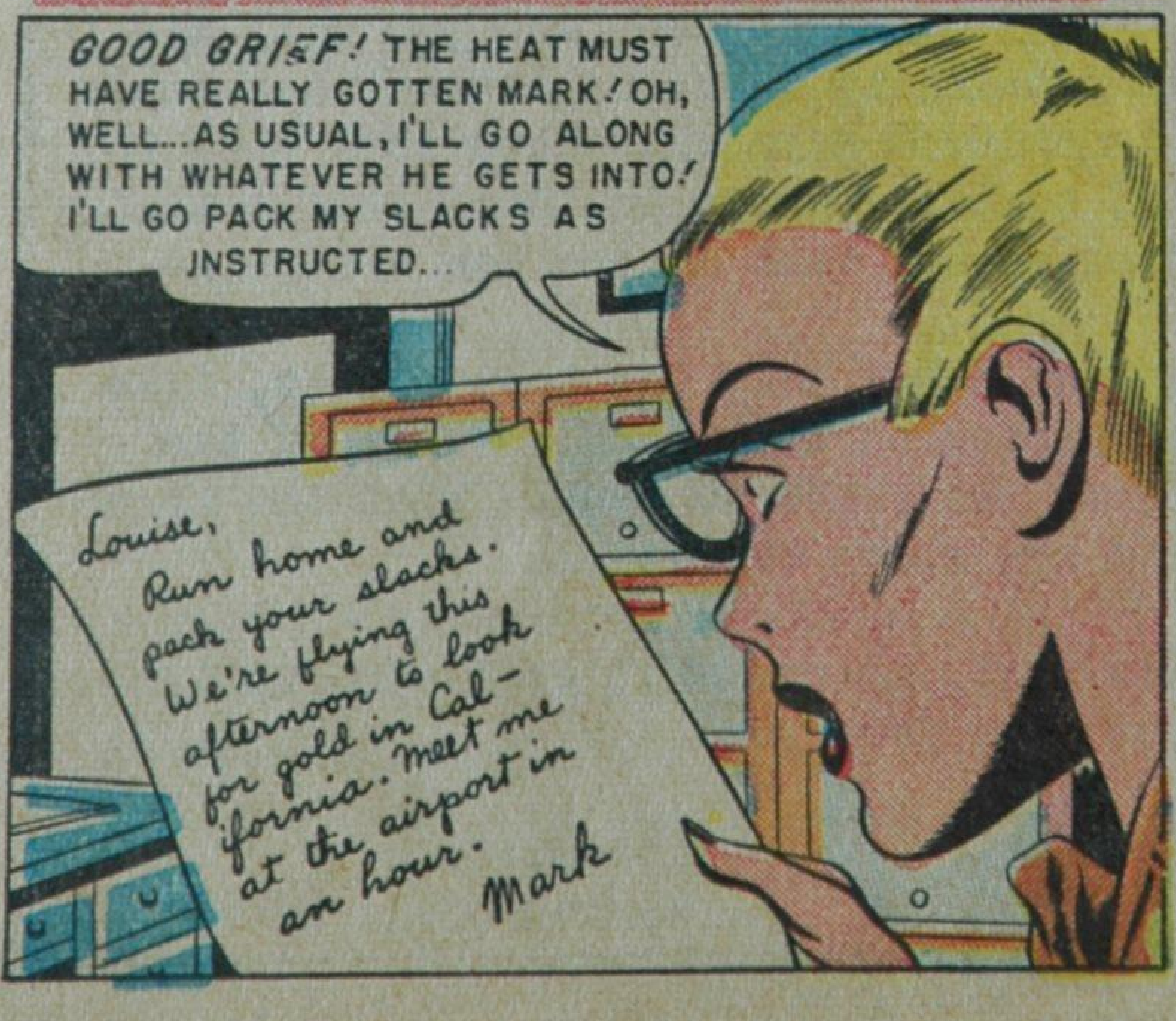
BLONDE PHANTOM

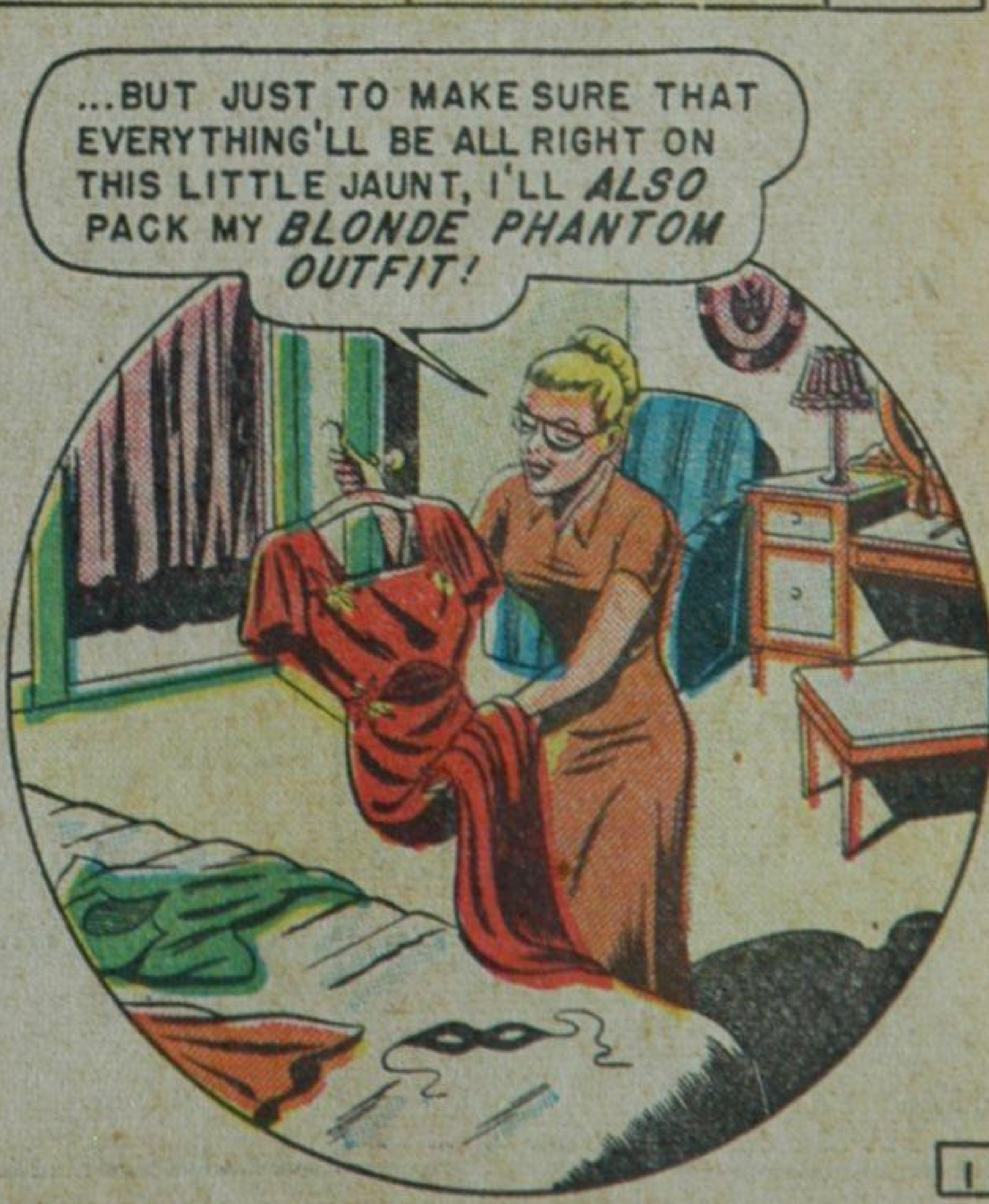

BLONDE PHANTOM, THIS TIME YOU HAVE MET YOUR MATCH! HE WHO WOULD DEFY THE ***THING IN THE LAKE*** IS ***DOOMED!***
4101

WHAT IS THE ***THING*** IN THE ***LAKE?*** WHO IS THE BEARDED GHOST OF HAWKINS COUNTY? CAN THE BLONDE PHANTOM FIND THE ANSWERS BEFORE SHE TOO BECOMES A VICTIM OF...

"THE THING THAT HAUNTED HAWKINS LAKE!"

ONE DAY, AS SECRETARY LOUISE GRANT RETURNS FROM LUNCH TO MARK MASON'S DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE...


GOOD GRIEF! THE HEAT MUST HAVE REALLY GOTTEN MARK! OH, WELL...AS USUAL, I'LL GO ALONG WITH WHATEVER HE GETS INTO! I'LL GO PACK MY SLACKS AS INSTRUCTED...
Louise, Run home and pack your slacks. We're flying this afternoon to look for gold in California. Meet me at the airport in an hour. Mark


...BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE THAT EVERYTHING'LL BE ALL RIGHT ON THIS LITTLE JAUNT, I'LL ***ALSO*** PACK MY ***BLONDE PHANTOM OUTFIT!***

AN HOUR LATER...
RIGHT ON THE DOT, LIKE A GOOD SECRETARY! COME ON, LET'S GET ABOARD!
MARK MASON, THE DAY I ANSWERED YOUR AD FOR A SECRETARY, I SHOULD HAVE HAD MY HEAD EXAMINED! LOOKING FOR GOLD...INDEED!
WE'RE NOT REALLY GOING TO LOOK FOR GOLD, BUT WE ARE GOING TO THE GOLD COUNTRY! IN FACT, WE'RE GOING TO A RESORT RIGHT NEAR SUTTER'S CREEK, WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED!
THAT'S VERY NICE...BUT, MARK, IF YOU FEEL LIKE A VACATION, THERE ARE LOTS OF RESORTS NEARER BY!
THIS IS A BUSINESS TRIP, LOUISE! WHILE YOU WERE OUT TO LUNCH, I GOT THIS WIRE! I CHECKED WITH THE SHERIFF OF HAWKINS COUNTY, AND HE URGED ME TO COME! SO I WIRED P.O. HAWKINS TO EXPECT US!
WELL! I WONDER WHAT KIND OF CHARACTER THIS HAWKINS IS?
REQUEST YOU COME IMMEDIATELY TO HAWKINS LAKE TO INVESTIGATE SERIES OF ACCIDENTS P.O. HAWK
I CHECKED ON HIM WITH THE SHERIFF, AND IN THE AMERICAN BUSINESS DIRECTORY! THIS HAWKINS OWNS ALL OF HAWKINS LAKE EXCEPT SOME SUMMER HOMES AROUND THE LAKE, WHICH HE'S SELLING! THE LAKE'S AN OLD DREDGE POND ON THE SITE OF AN ABANDONED MINE, WHICH MADE A FORTUNE FOR HAWKINS IN THE OLD DAYS!
WELL, THEN, I'LL GUESS WHAT HE'LL BE LIKE! A FLASHILY-DRESSED PAUNCHY TYPE WHO SMOKES BIG BLACK CIGARS!
DEDUCTIVE REASONING, HM? WELL, HAWKINS WIRED THAT HE'D MEET US AT THE STATION...SO WE'LL SOON SEE HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE YOU ARE!
AT THAT MOMENT...
WELL, HERE COMES THE PLANE! BUT I MUST SAY, SHERIFF, WHY YOU INSISTED ON MY SENDING FOR AN EXPENSIVE DETECTIVE FROM THE CITY IS BEYOND ME!
MISS HAWKINS, AS FAR AS THIS CASE GOES, I ADMIT I'M STUMPED! AND FROM WHAT I HEAR OF MARK MASON, IF ANYONE CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT, HE'S THE MAN!
I'VE NEVER BELIEVED IN GHOSTS OR ANY OF THAT STUFF, BUT NOW I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT FOLKS HEREABOUTS ARE RIGHT WHEN THEY CALL HAWKINS LAKE "HAUNTED LAKE!"
2

THE PLANE SWEEPS DOWN AND SETTLES, AND MARK AND LOUISE STEP OUT ON TERRA FIRMA AGAIN!
YOU'RE MARK MASON, I EXPECT! I'M THE SHERIFF, AND *THIS HERE'S P.O. HAWKINS!*
A *WOMAN!*
YOU'RE P. O. HAWKINS?
THAT'S RIGHT! PRUNELLA OLEANDER HAWKINS! AND WHO MIGHT *YOU* BE? I DON'T REMEMBER SENDING FOR ANY *FEMALE* DETECTIVE!
OH, THIS IS MY *SECRETARY,* MISS GRANT! SHE HELPS ME ON MOST OF MY CASES, ALTHOUGH I ADMIT SHE'S *NOT* MUCH OF A DETECTIVE! HER *DEDUCTIVE REASONING'S* NOT SO HOT!
IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW MUCH I HELP YOU ON MOST OF YOUR CASES, *MR. SHERLOCK MASON!*
THE CAR'S RIGHT OVER HERE! I'LL DRIVE YOU FOLKS OUT TO THE INN ON THE LAKE!
NOW, MISS HAWKINS, JUST WHAT ARE THESE *INCIDENTS* YOU MENTIONED IN YOUR WIRE?
HUMPH! ASK THE SHERIFF THE DETAILS! IT WAS *HIS* IDEA TO SEND FOR YOU! AND I SENT FOR YOU TO HELP ME *SAVE* MY *BUSINESS*...NOT TO HAVE YOU ASK A LOT OF *FOOL QUESTIONS!*
YOU SEE, MR. MASON, MISS HAWKINS HAS MADE *TRIAL SALE* OF SEVERAL PIECES OF PROPERTY AROUND THE LAKE...THAT IS, THE PEOPLE OCCUPYING THESE SUMMER HOMES HAVE *OPTIONS* TO BUY AT THE END OF THE SUMMER, IF THEY *WANT* TO!
RIGHT NOW, IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF *ANY* OF THEM *WILL* BUY!
WHY WON'T THEY BUY?
BECAUSE THOSE FOLKS ARE BEING *SCARED OFF,* BECAUSE THERE'VE BEEN ALL SORTS OF *AWFUL THINGS* HAPPENING, UNTIL IT BEGINS TO SEEM AS IF THE WHOLE PLACE IS... *HAUNTED!*
DID YOU SAY *"HAUNTED"?*

I'LL TELL YOU THE *WHOLE THING!* AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SUMMER, THE WILSONS MOVED INTO THEIR SUMMER PLACE! EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT FOR A *WEEK*, AND *THEN*...
"... ONE NIGHT, THEIR LITTLE GIRL STARTED SCREAMING, FIT TO RAISE THE DEAD!"
MAMA! DADDY! HELP! **HELP!**
"THE LITTLE GIRL SAID SHE'D SEEN A BIG MAN OUTSIDE HER WINDOW..."
HE HAD A *LONG WHITE BEARD*, AND A *HORRIBLE FACE*... AND HE KEPT *WAVING* HIS *ARMS!* *OOOOH!*
THERE, THERE, DEAR! IT'S ONLY A *NIGHTMARE!*
BUT IT *WASN'T* A NIGHTMARE! THE SAME THING HAPPENED NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, AND AS THE OTHERS MOVED IN, *THEIR* CHILDREN STARTED THE *SAME THING!* AND THEY *ALL* GAVE THE *SAME DESCRIPTION!*
DOES THE DESCRIPTION SOUND LIKE *ANYONE* YOU'VE EVER *SEEN* AROUND HERE?
THAT'S ONE OF THE THINGS THAT *PUZZLE* ME! IT *DOES* SOUND LIKE JAKE CROCKETT, AN OLD TIME PROSPECTOR! BUT IT'S NOT IN HIS LINE TO GO AROUND *SCARIN' KIDS*. ALL HE CARES ABOUT IS *GOLD!* AND ANYWAY, HE HASN'T GOT ANYTHING AGAINST MISS HAWKINS!
THE WHOLE THING'S A LOT OF NONSENSE!
DON'T YOU *BELIEVE* THE CHILDREN'S STORY, MISS HAWKINS?
HMPH! IT'S ALL THEIR *IMAGINATION!*
BUT YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE *WORST* YET, MR. MASON! IT'S THE *THING* IN THE *LAKE!*
WHAT ON EARTH...
JUST *WAIT*... YOU'LL SEE FOR *YOURSELF!*

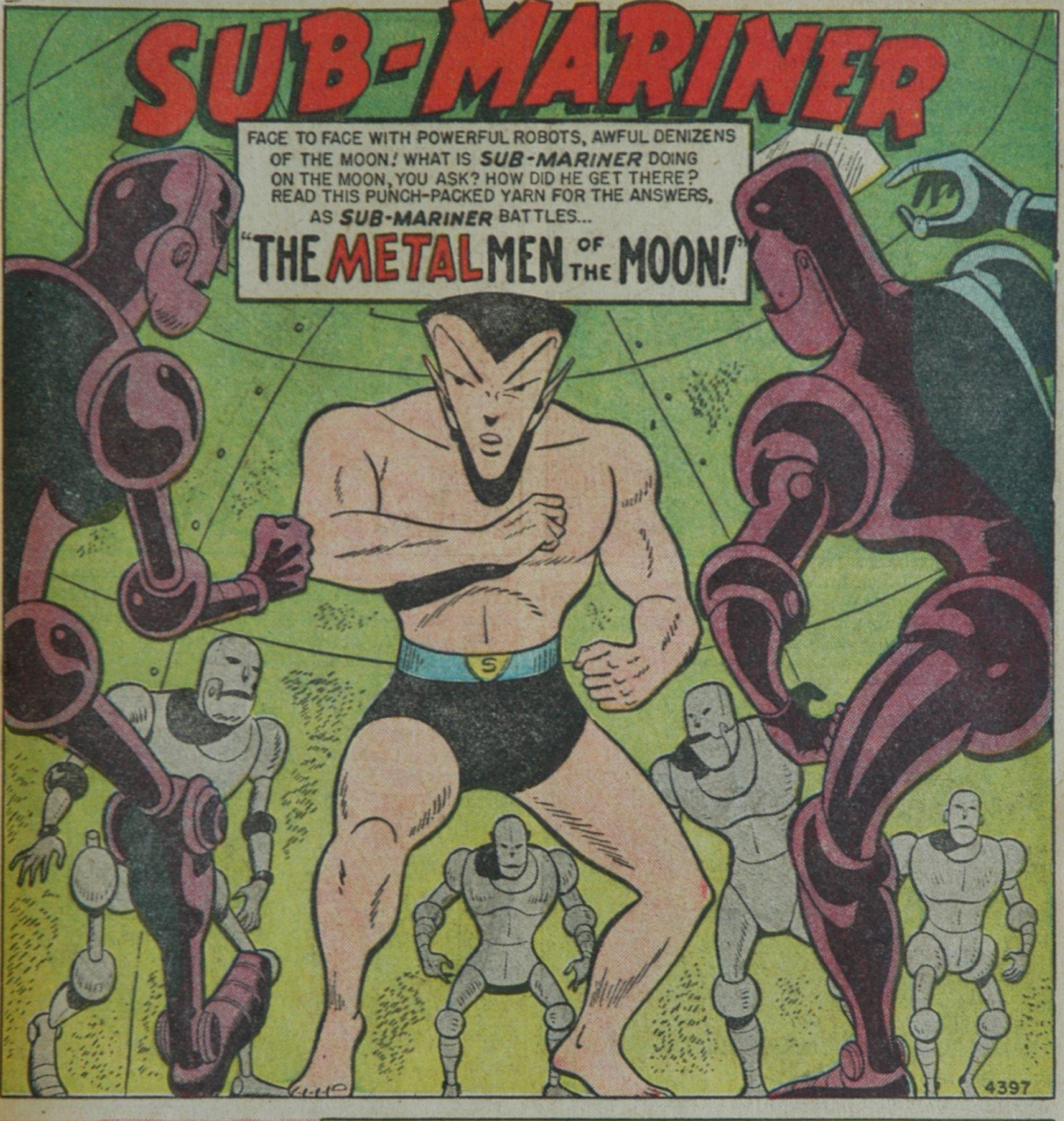
NICE SPOT! I'D LIKE TO DO SOME FISHING!
THAT'S SILLY, MARK! THERE AREN'T ANY FISH IN A DREDGE POND!
IF YOU MEAN YOU'D LIKE TO FISH UP THE THING IN THE LAKE, A LOT OF LUCK YOU'LL HAVE WITH THAT! COME ON, LET'S GET TO THE INN!
HERE'S YOUR ROOM KEYS... 2B AND 2C! DINNER'S IN AN HOUR!
YOU'VE BEEN VERY KIND, MISS HAWKINS! I THINK WE CAN COUNT ON OUR BEING ABLE TO DISPEL THE GHOSTS!
AT THE LITTLE LAKESIDE HOTEL...
OLD MISS HAWKINS LEAVES, AND MARK TURNS TO THE SHERIFF!
SHERIFF, TELL ME! HOW DO YOU FIGURE THIS WHOLE BUSINESS?
WELL, IT SURE SEEMS THAT SOMEONE WANTS TO RUIN MISS HAWKINS! IF THESE SUMMER HOME SALES DON'T GO THROUGH, SHE'LL BE PRETTY NEAR BANKRUPT AND IT LOOKS LIKE FOLKS ARE GOING TO BE SCARED OUT OF BUYING!
BUT I THOUGHT MISS HAWKINS MADE A FORTUNE OUT OF THE OLD MINE! HOW COULD SHE GO BANKRUPT?
SHE DID MAKE A FORTUNE, BUT SHE SANK IT ALL IN REAL ESTATE AND LITTLE BY LITTLE J.J. JACKSON, THE RICHEST MAN IN TOWN, HAS GOT IT ALL FROM HER! SEEMS LIKE HE WANTS TO SEE HER BROKE! SEE THAT FELLOW OVER THERE? THAT'S HIM... J.J. JACKSON! SPENDING HIS VACATION OUT HERE!
INTERESTING COINCIDENCE... HE JUST HAPPENS TO BE HERE ON VACATION WHILE ALL THIS IS GOING ON! I'D SAY MR. JACKSON WOULD BEAR A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!
A LITTLE LATER, AFTER A QUIET DINNER AND A PEACEFUL EVENING, LOUISE RETIRES FOR THE NIGHT...
THIS PLACE SURE SETTLES DOWN EARLY! THERE'S NOT A SOUND! AH, PEACE, IT'S WONDERFUL!
EEEEEEEEEYAH-H-
WHAT'S THAT?
GOOD GRIEF! IT'S THE BEARDED GHOST! BUT HE LOOKS REAL TO ME!

HE'S GONE? NO, *THERE* HE GOES...
... INTO *MARK'S* ROOM! THIS CALLS FOR THE *BLONDE PHANTOM!*
UNLESS HE'S AWFULLY FAST, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO INTERCEPT HIM IN THE HALL!
BLONDE PHANTOM! WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?
I'M PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS! WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING?
2A
2-C
BUT AS SHE DASHES INTO THE CORRIDOR, THE BLONDE PHANTOM RUNS INTO MARK MASON!
I WAS AWAKENED BY SOME SORT OF NOISE! ALL I SAW WAS A *WHITE SHAPE* RUSHING THROUGH MY ROOM!
WHITE SHAPE! YOU'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY GHOST STORIES! BETTER GO BACK TO *SLEEP!*
BUT, *BLONDE PHANTOM!* *WAIT!*
PLEASANT DREAMS!
WELL! *MR. J. J. JACKSON!* I'LL BET *HE* HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS!
2-E

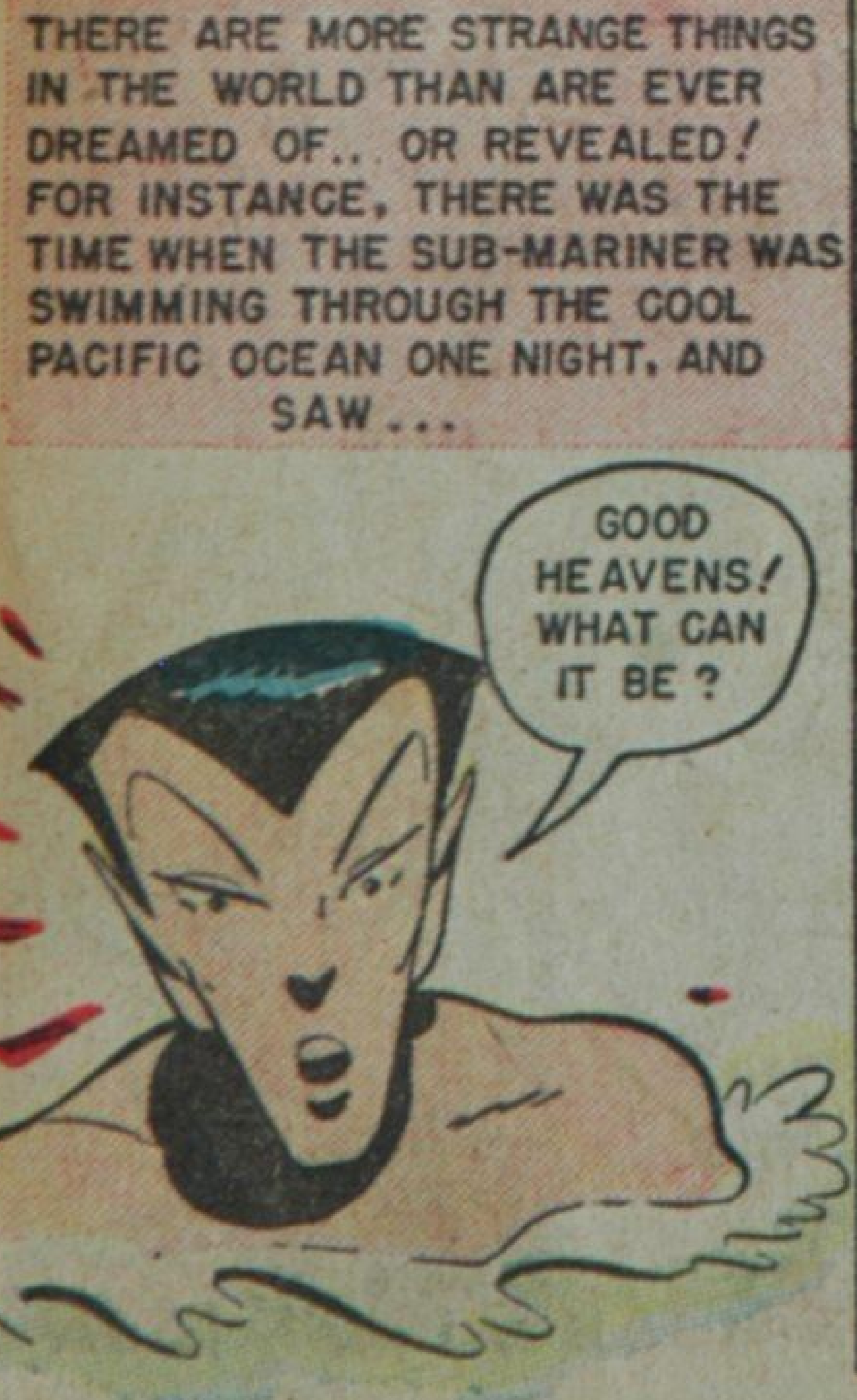
GOING BACK INTO HIS ROOM! BUT I STILL THINK SOMETHING'S UP! I'LL LISTEN AT HIS DOOR, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
SNORING! MAYBE MARK'S RIGHT... I'M NOT MUCH OF A DETECTIVE! GUESS I'LL GO BACK TO BED!
AGAIN THE BLONDE PHANTOM RETIRES FOR THE NIGHT! AGAIN SHE'S LOUISE GRANT, TRYING TO GET SOME SLEEP!
AH, QUIET AGAIN! PEACE, IT'S...
AAAAAGHH!
THIS IS GETTING TO BE QUITE A ROUTINE! NO WONDER MISS HAWKINS' SUMMER GUESTS ARE THINKING SERIOUSLY OF LEAVING!
MARK! WHO'S THAT? WHAT'S THE MATTER?
OH, LOUISE! IT'S ONE OF THE WOMEN GUESTS! SHE'S FAINTED!
MY WIFE!
GENEVIEVE! SPEAK TO ME!
SHE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE LAKE, JUST AS SHE FAI-- LOOK!
LOUISE'S EYES ARE RIVETED TO A SPOT FAR OUT ON THE LAKE! A GREENISH GLOW, LUMINESCENT IN THE NIGHT'S BLACKNESS, SEEMS TO RISE FROM THE WATER!
GOOD GRIEF! THAT MUST BE...
THE THING IN THE LAKE!

CYRUS, LET'S PACK OUR BAGS! I WON'T STAY HERE *ANOTHER MINUTE!*
MARK, WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS *ALL ABOUT?*
I'M NOT SURE, BUT I THINK I KNOW *WHERE* TO *FIND OUT!*
YOU STAY IN YOUR ROOM, LOUISE! *I'M* GOING TO FIND *J.J. JACKSON!* THE BLONDE PHANTOM'S HERE AND I'M GOING TO BREAK THIS CASE BEFORE *SHE* DOES!
AND *I'M* GOING TO THE *LAKE!*
IN HER ROOM ONCE AGAIN, LOUISE GRANT BECOMES THE BEAUTIFUL CRIME FIGHTER, THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
THAT—THAT *THING'S* HEADING FOR THE SHORE, WHERE THAT CLUMP OF TREES IS! GUESS I'LL HEAD FOR THERE, TOO!
GREAT! THAT OUGHTA SCARE AWAY THOSE *TWO FROM THE CITY!*
A *MAN'S VOICE!* I GUESS I GOT TO J. J. JACKSON *BEFORE MARK DID!*
JUST A *LITTLE CLOSER*, AND...
GOT YOU!
WHAT TH...

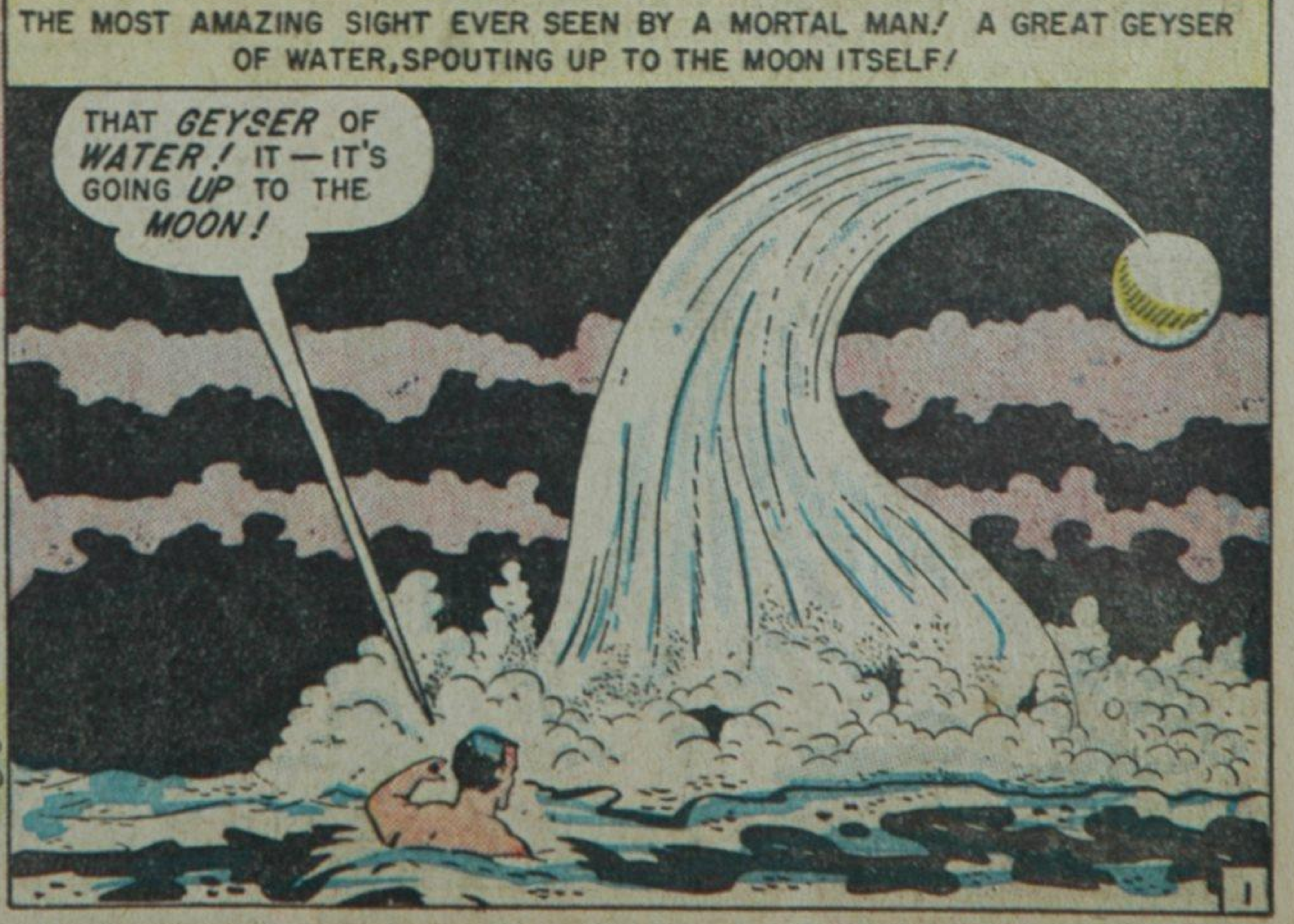
WHY, *YOU'RE* NOT... AND WHO ARE *YOU?* TAKE OFF THAT DISGUISE, OR I'LL *SCREAM* AND BRING *EVERYONE RUNNING!*
BLONDE PHANTOM! IS THAT *YOU?*
WHAT *IS* ALL THIS? *I CAPTURED JACKSON!*
ALL THIS IS *PRUNELLA OLEANDER HAWKINS,* AND *THAT,* I PRESUME, IS *JAKE CROCKETT!* YOU MAY AS WELL LET MR. JACKSON GO, MARK! AND MISS HAWKINS, *YOU* MAY AS WELL *EXPLAIN!*
IT WAS ALL A *JOKE!* JAKE, HERE, PLAYED A FEW LITTLE TRICKS, AND I WALKED ON A SANDBAR IN THE LAKE IN THIS PHOSPHORESCENT GETUP! AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST HAUNTIN' YOUR *OWN PREMISES,* IS THERE?
BUT *WHY* SHOULD YOU WANT TO SCARE AWAY YOUR *OWN TENANTS?*
I THINK I CAN EXPLAIN THAT ONE! MISS HAWKINS DIDN'T WANT THE SUMMER PEOPLE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR *OPTIONS* AND *BUY,* BECAUSE SHE GOT A FOOL NOTION THAT THERE'S *GOLD* ON THIS LAND... WHICH THERE *ISN'T!*
WHAT?
WHAT?
THE TOWN ASSAYER TOLD ME ABOUT THE NUGGET YOU BROUGHT IN TO HIM FOR ANALYSIS! IT WAS *GOLD,* ALL RIGHT... BUT HE SAID IT HAD PROBABLY DROPPED OFF *SOMEBODY'S WATCH CHAIN!* NUGGET CHARMS ARE COMMON HERE! THIS LAND WAS MINED CLEAN YEARS AGO... BUT *YOU'LL NEVER* GIVE UP THE *SEARCH* FOR *GOLD,* WILL YOU, MISS HAWKINS?
NO, I WON'T! I'M GOIN' OFF *PROSPECTIN'* WITH *JAKE!* I'LL FIND GOLD *YET!*
A FEW HOURS LATER, MARK AND LOUISE ARE EN ROUTE HOME...
...SO THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED WHILE YOU WERE STAYING IN YOUR ROOM, LIKE A GOOD SECRETARY! AS USUAL, WHEN I TURNED AROUND TO SPEAK TO THE BLONDE PHANTOM, SHE WAS GONE! BUT WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS WHAT SHE WAS DOING OUT THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE!
MAYBE SHE FOLLOWED *YOU* THERE! MAYBE SHE CAN'T RESIST YOU!
DON'T BE SILLY, LOUISE! THE BLONDE PHANTOM DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I EXIST! (SIGH!)
THE END

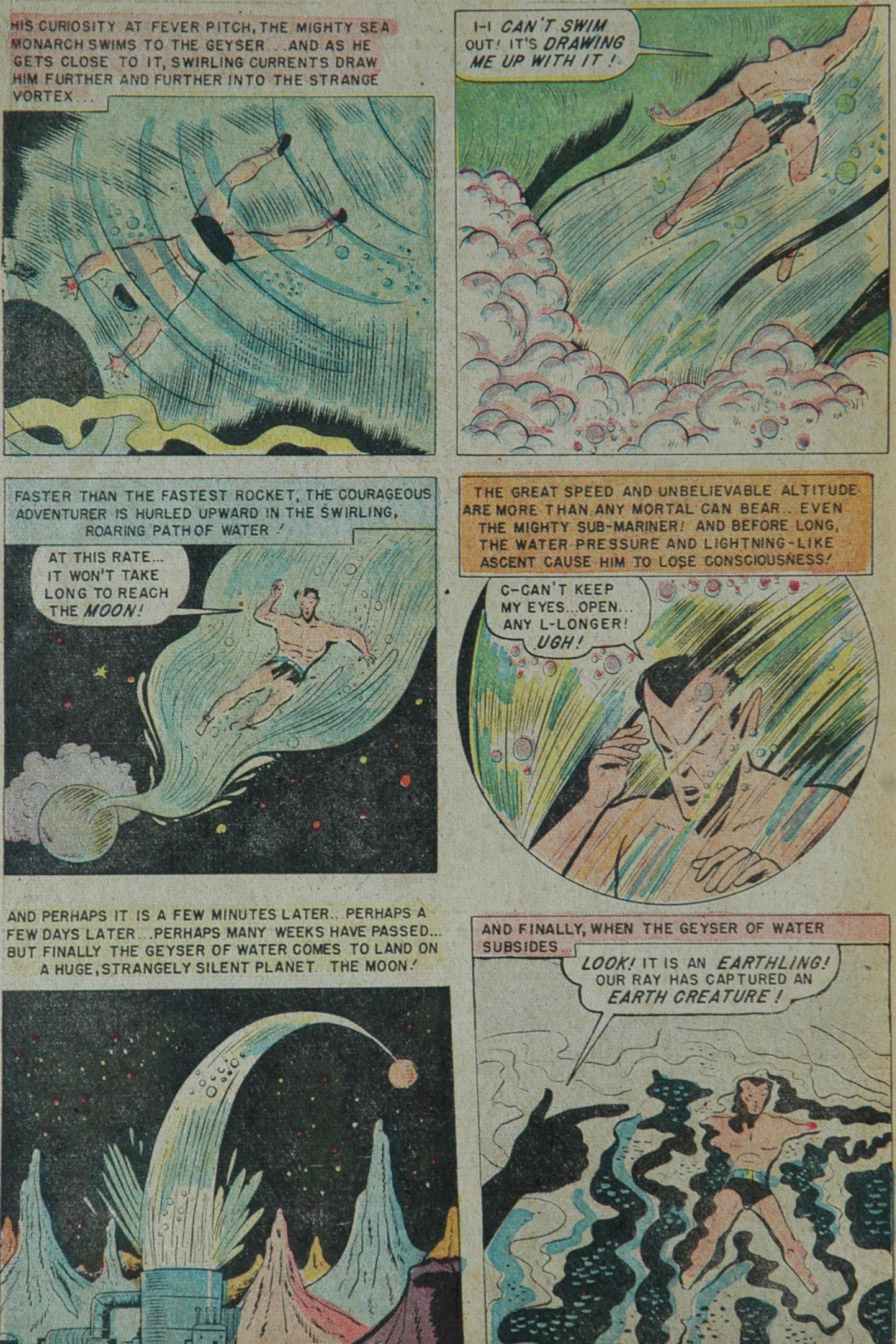

SUB-MARINER
FACE TO FACE WITH POWERFUL ROBOTS, AWFUL DENIZENS OF THE MOON! WHAT IS SUB-MARINER DOING ON THE MOON, YOU ASK? HOW DID HE GET THERE? READ THIS PUNCH-PACKED YARN FOR THE ANSWERS, AS SUB-MARINER BATTLES...
"THE METAL MEN OF THE MOON!"
S
4397

THERE ARE MORE STRANGE THINGS IN THE WORLD THAN ARE EVER DREAMED OF.. OR REVEALED! FOR INSTANCE, THERE WAS THE TIME WHEN THE SUB-MARINER WAS SWIMMING THROUGH THE COOL PACIFIC OCEAN ONE NIGHT, AND SAW...

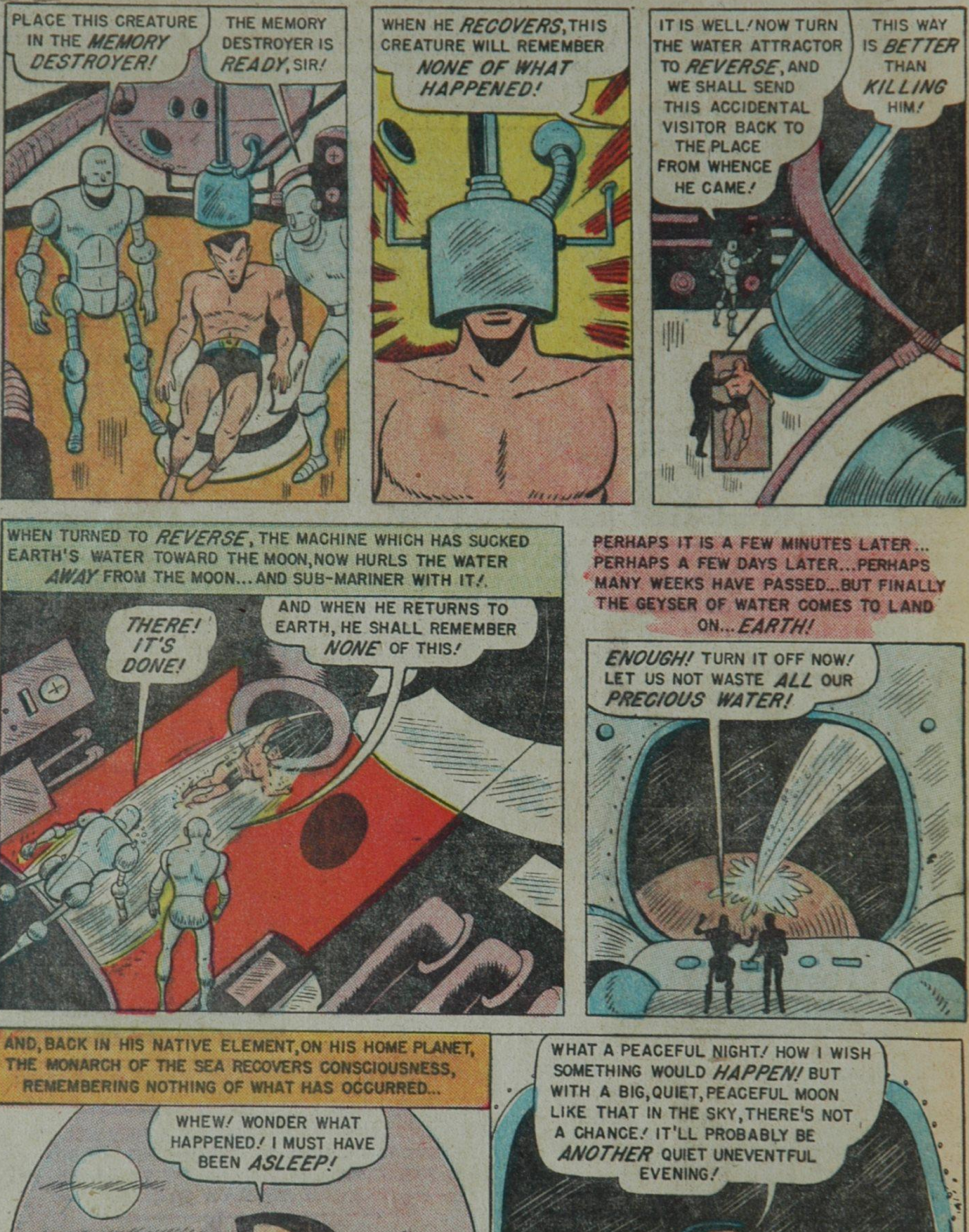

GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT CAN IT BE?

THE MOST AMAZING SIGHT EVER SEEN BY A MORTAL MAN! A GREAT GEYSER OF WATER, SPOUTING UP TO THE MOON ITSELF!


THAT *GEYSER* OF *WATER*! IT — IT'S GOING *UP* TO THE *MOON*!
1


HIS CURIOSITY AT FEVER PITCH, THE MIGHTY SEA MONARCH SWIMS TO THE GEYSER . .AND AS HE GETS CLOSE TO IT, SWIRLING CURRENTS DRAW HIM FURTHER AND FURTHER INTO THE STRANGE VORTEX . . .
I-I *CAN'T SWIM* OUT! IT'S *DRAWING ME UP WITH IT* !
FASTER THAN THE FASTEST ROCKET, THE COURAGEOUS ADVENTURER IS HURLED UPWARD IN THE SWIRLING, ROARING PATH OF WATER !
AT THIS RATE... IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO REACH THE *MOON*!
THE GREAT SPEED AND UNBELIEVABLE ALTITUDE ARE MORE THAN ANY MORTAL CAN BEAR.. EVEN THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER! AND BEFORE LONG, THE WATER PRESSURE AND LIGHTNING-LIKE ASCENT CAUSE HIM TO LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS!
C-CAN'T KEEP MY EYES...OPEN... ANY L-LONGER! *UGH!*
AND PERHAPS IT IS A FEW MINUTES LATER...PERHAPS A FEW DAYS LATER...PERHAPS MANY WEEKS HAVE PASSED... BUT FINALLY THE GEYSER OF WATER COMES TO LAND ON A HUGE, STRANGELY SILENT PLANET. THE MOON!
AND FINALLY, WHEN THE GEYSER OF WATER SUBSIDES. . .
LOOK! IT IS AN *EARTHLING!* OUR RAY HAS CAPTURED AN *EARTH CREATURE* !

AS SOON AS THE TERRIFIC PRESSURE HAS ENDED, SUB-MARINER'S AMAZING RECUPERATIVE POWERS ENABLE HIM TO QUICKLY REVIVE!
WHEW! OH, MY POOR HEAD!
WHERE AM...OH, I REMEMBER...THAT SPOUT OF WATER...THE FANTASTIC TRIP THROUGH THE SKY... WH-WHY, THIS MUST BE THE MOON!
IT IS THE MOON, EARTH CREATURE!
A STRANGE-LOOKING ROBOT HELPS SUB-MARINER OUT OF THE STRANGE RESERVOIR...
TOO BAD YOU CAME TO THIS PLANET, EARTHLING... TOO BAD!
YOU-YOU SPEAK ENGLISH!
AH, YES! WE HAVE STUDIED YOUR PLANET FOR AGES... AND KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU! YOU SEE, WE WERE BUILT CENTURIES AGO BY THE ORIGINAL MOON-MEN! BUT THE RACE OF MOON-MEN FINALLY DIED... AND ONLY WE, THE ROBOTS, REMAIN!
THAT'S WHY THE MOON IS SAID TO BE A DEAD PLANET!
RIGHT! ONLY WE ROBOTS CAN LIVE HERE...FOR THERE IS NO WATER HERE...AND WE NEED WATER JUST AS THE MACHINES OF YOU EARTHMEN NEED OIL! SO, ONCE A MONTH, WE FILL UP OUR RESERVOIR WITH WATER WHICH WE OBTAIN FROM YOUR PLANET!
WELL, THIS CERTAINLY WILL BE A FANTASTIC STORY TO TAKE BACK TO EARTH WITH ME!
AH, BUT YOU NEVER WILL TAKE BACK YOUR STORY TO EARTH!
BEFORE SUB-MARINER CAN REACT, A MOON ROBOT STRIKES FROM BEHIND!
AS SOON AS EARTHLINGS LEARN OF US, THEY WILL TRY TO COME TO THE MOON TO CONQUER US...OR WILL TRY TO EXTRACT A PAYMENT FOR THE WATER! WE WILL TAKE NO SUCH CHANCES!
3


PLACE THIS CREATURE IN THE *MEMORY DESTROYER!*
THE MEMORY DESTROYER IS *READY*, SIR!
WHEN HE *RECOVERS*, THIS CREATURE WILL REMEMBER *NONE OF WHAT HAPPENED!*
IT IS WELL! NOW TURN THE WATER ATTRACTOR TO *REVERSE*, AND WE SHALL SEND THIS ACCIDENTAL VISITOR BACK TO THE PLACE FROM WHENCE HE CAME!
THIS WAY IS *BETTER* THAN *KILLING* HIM!
WHEN TURNED TO *REVERSE*, THE MACHINE WHICH HAS SUCKED EARTH'S WATER TOWARD THE MOON, NOW HURLS THE WATER *AWAY* FROM THE MOON... AND SUB-MARINER WITH IT!
THERE! IT'S DONE!
AND WHEN HE RETURNS TO EARTH, HE SHALL REMEMBER *NONE* OF THIS!
PERHAPS IT IS A FEW MINUTES LATER... PERHAPS A FEW DAYS LATER... PERHAPS MANY WEEKS HAVE PASSED... BUT FINALLY THE GEYSER OF WATER COMES TO LAND ON... *EARTH!*
ENOUGH! TURN IT OFF NOW! LET US NOT WASTE *ALL* OUR *PRECIOUS WATER!*
AND, BACK IN HIS NATIVE ELEMENT, ON HIS HOME PLANET, THE MONARCH OF THE SEA RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS, REMEMBERING NOTHING OF WHAT HAS OCCURRED...
WHEW! WONDER WHAT HAPPENED! I MUST HAVE BEEN *ASLEEP!*
WHAT A PEACEFUL NIGHT! HOW I WISH SOMETHING WOULD *HAPPEN!* BUT WITH A BIG, QUIET, PEACEFUL MOON LIKE THAT IN THE SKY, THERE'S NOT A CHANCE! IT'LL PROBABLY BE *ANOTHER* QUIET UNEVENTFUL EVENING!
YES, INDEED... THERE ARE MORE STRANGE THINGS IN THIS WORLD THAN ARE EVER DREAMED OF... OR REVEALED!
THE END

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-in a Jiffy! from any COLD WATER FAUCET

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A No. 1 beauty aid

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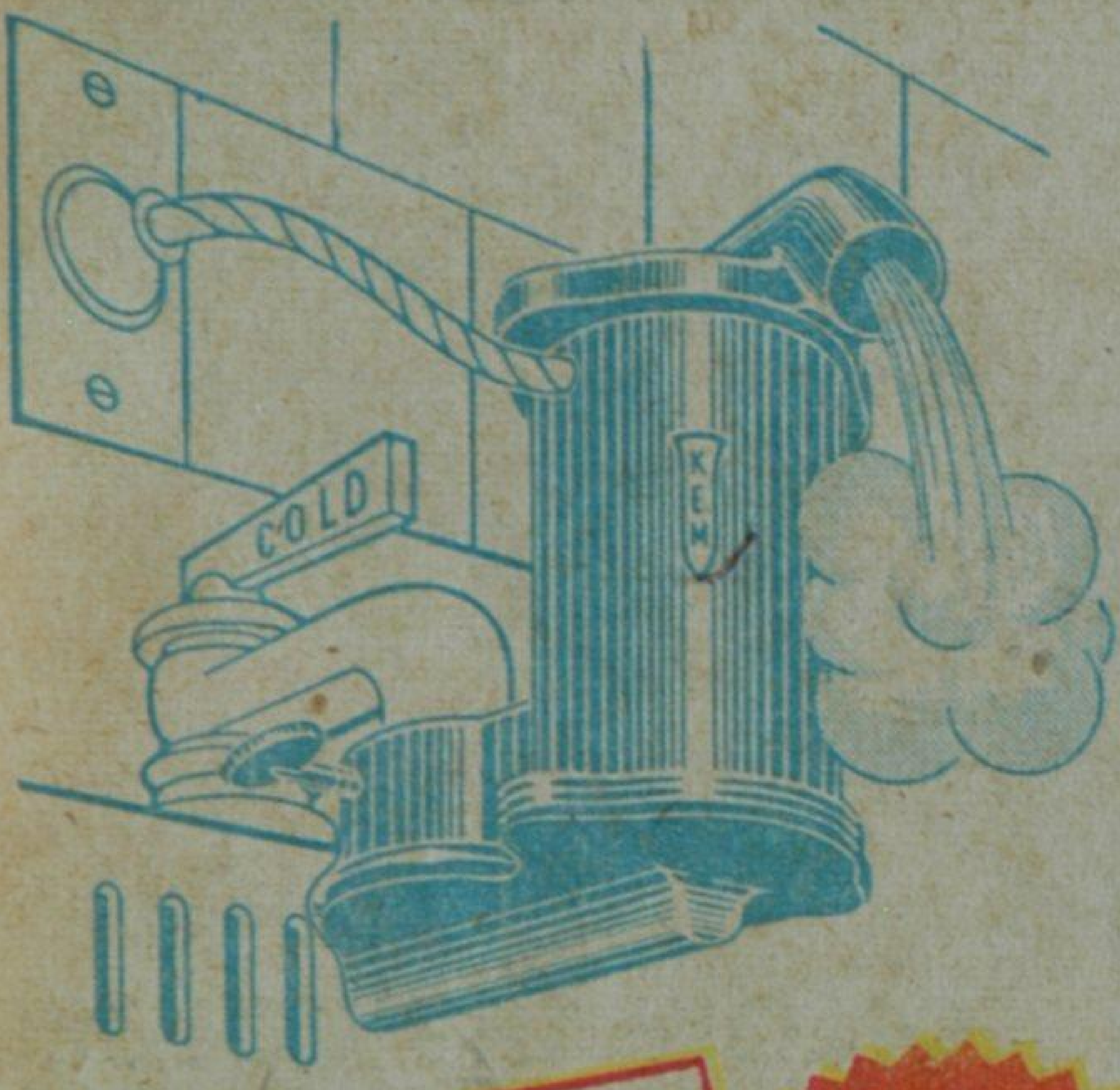

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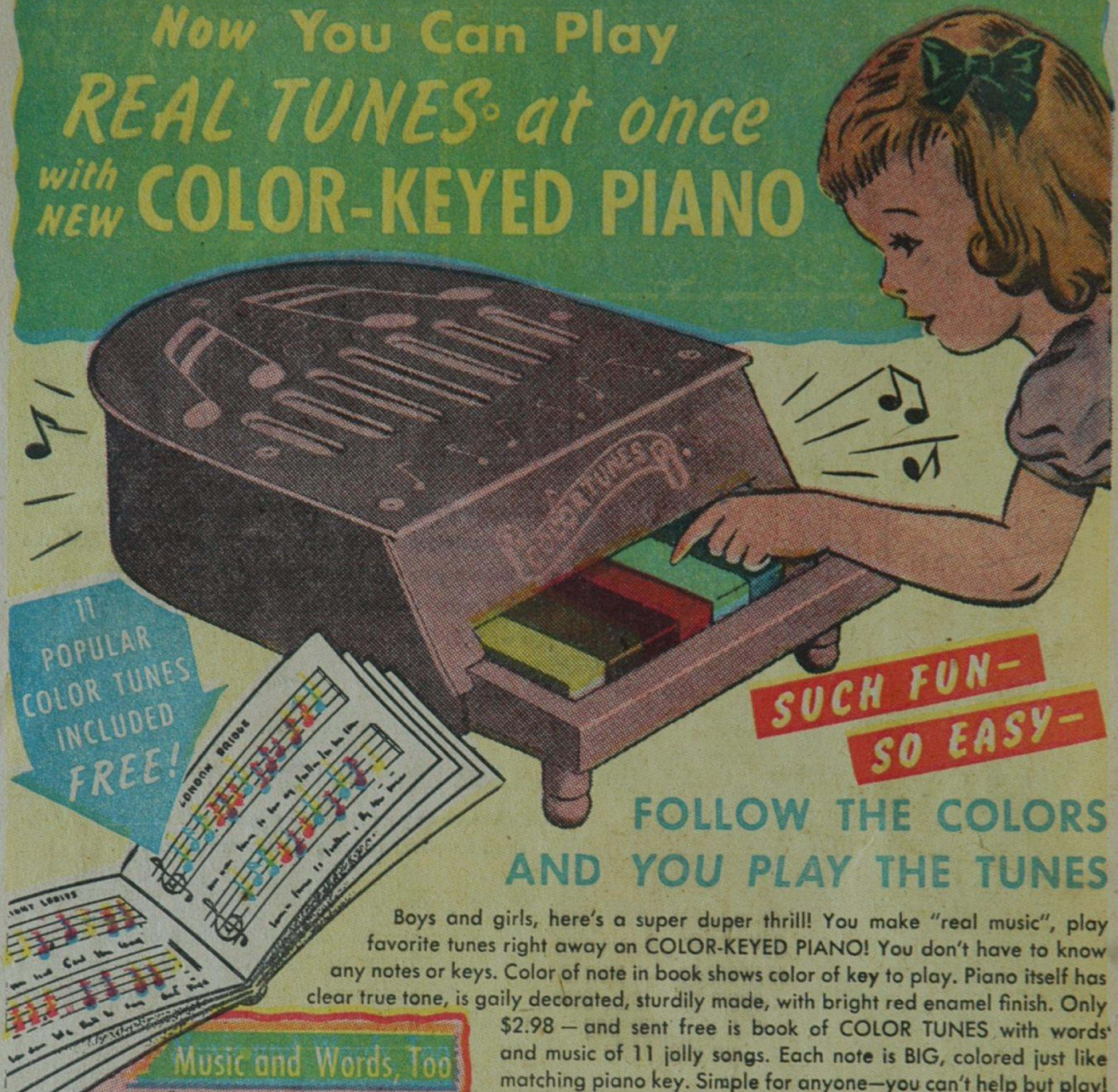

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YOUR FIGURE INSTANTLY

appear inches *slimmer at once* and Feel Like *SIXTEEN AGAIN* with

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STREAMLINE is a pleasure to wear. You'll enjoy its energizing all day support. It's comfortable and does wonders for your figure. STREAMLINE'S new two-way stretch makes it easy to slip on and off — yet it has a BUILT-IN slenderizing feature and is made to LAST and LAST! It's very light in weight and amazingly strong — so you get energy giving comfort.

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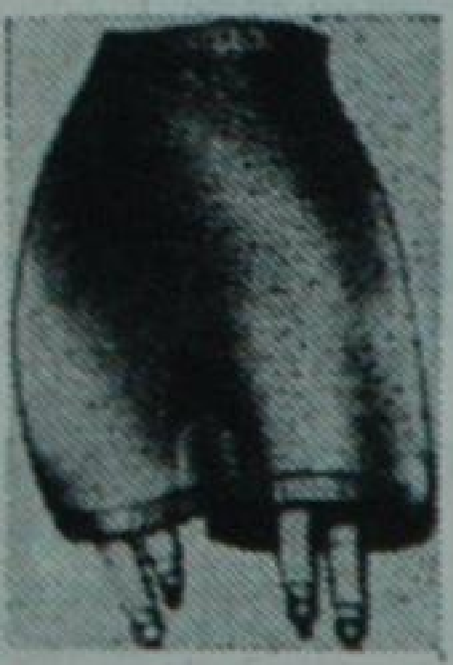

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Five different-shaped "Birdies" that *spin* when *hit!*

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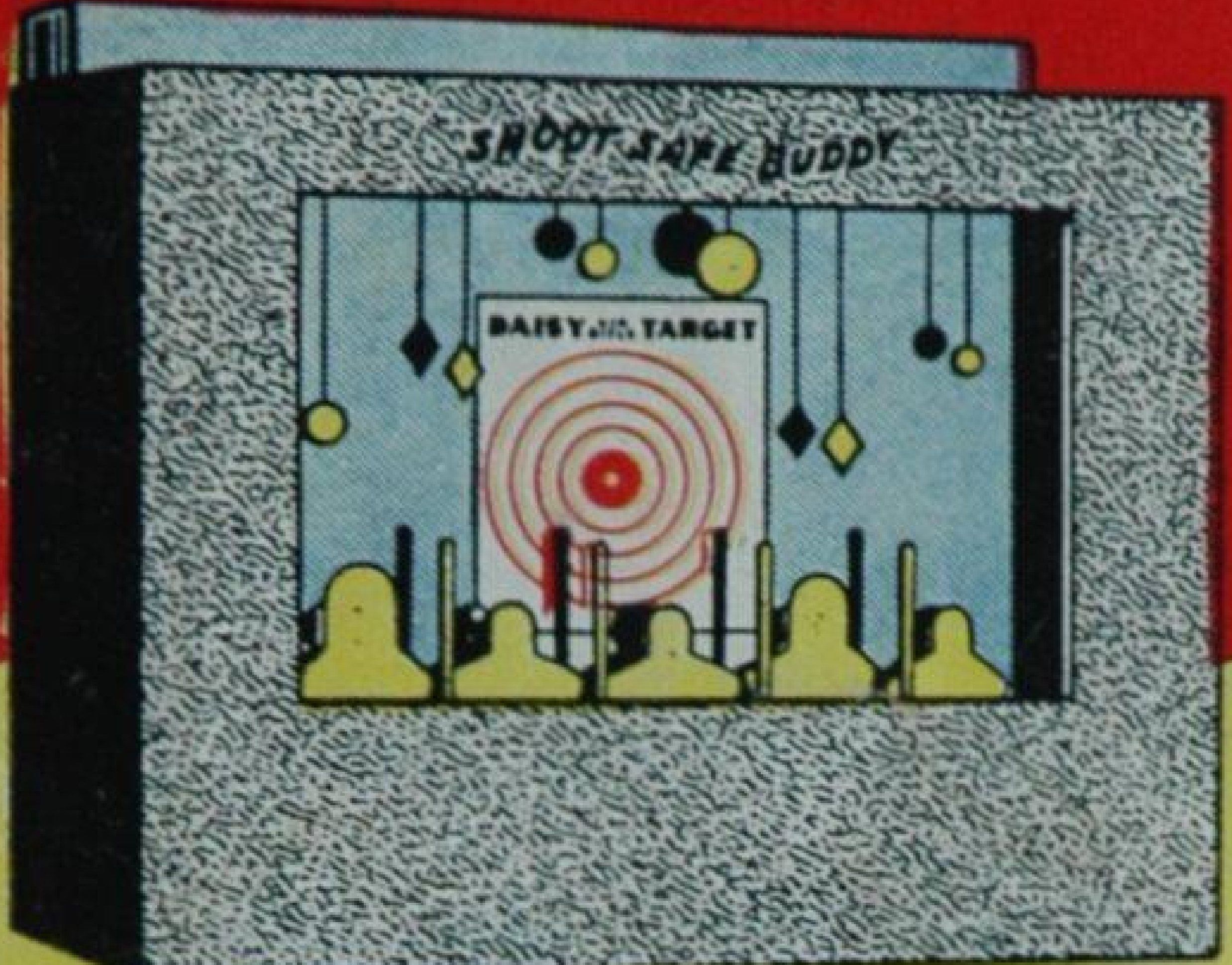
HIT THE "BULLSEYE"!
Official Daisy Target Cards that *puncture* when *hit!*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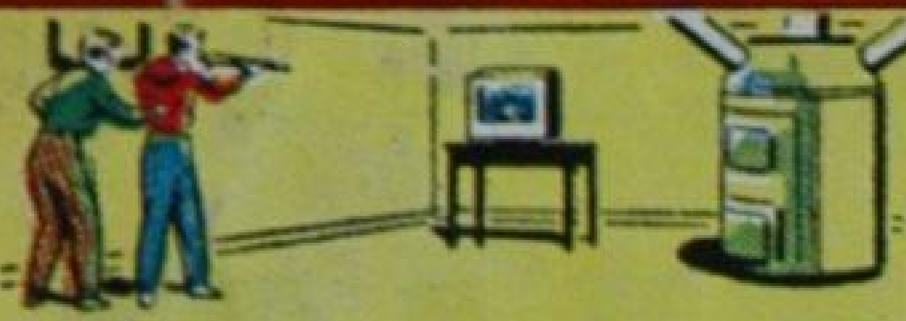
DAISY AIR RIFLE TARGET

THEY SHATTER!

SHATTER "HANGING SPOTS"!
Nearly 70 different "spots" that *shatter* when *hit!*

BREAK THE "STICKS"!
Slivers of Cardboard *break-off* when *hit!*



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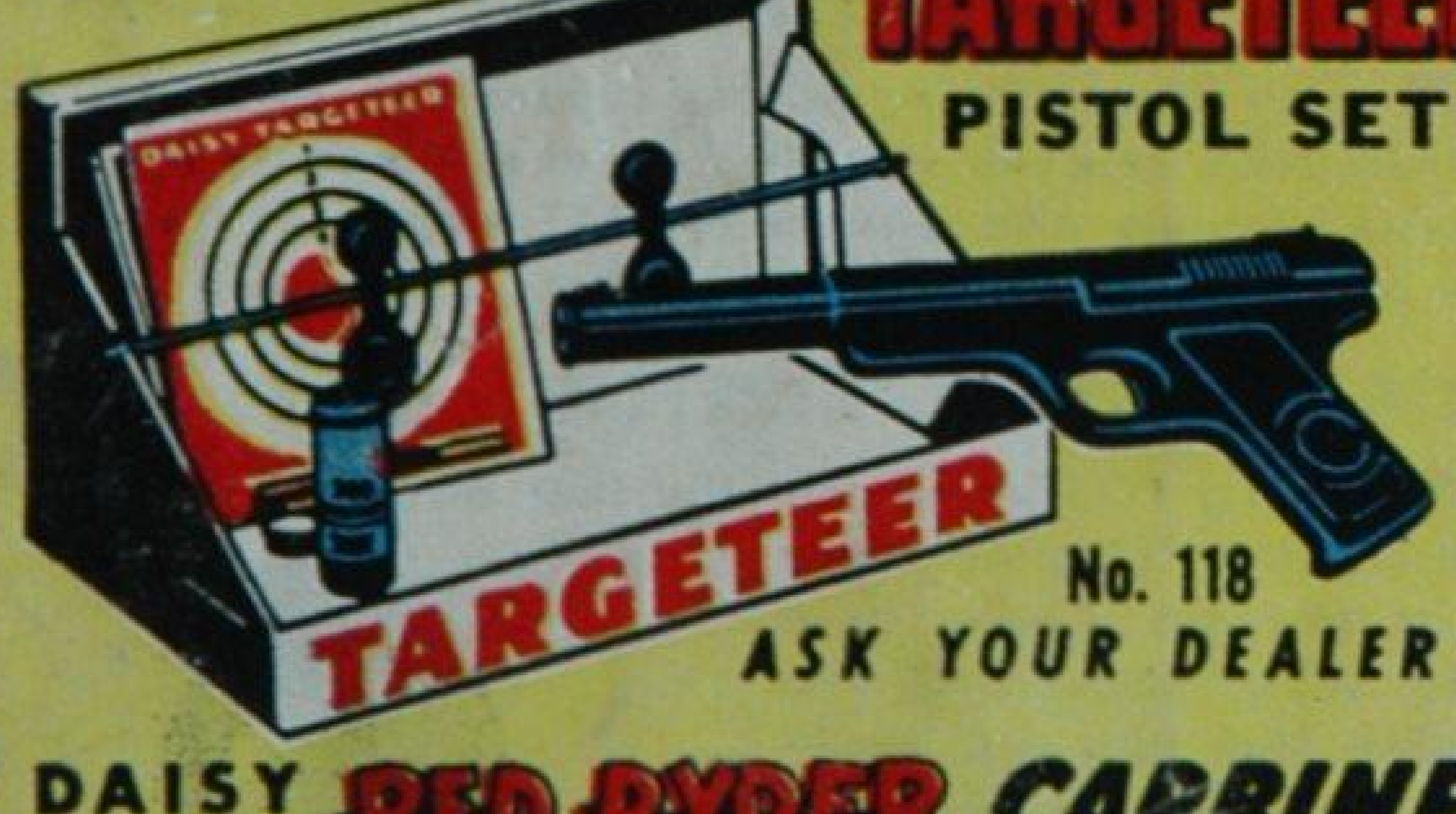
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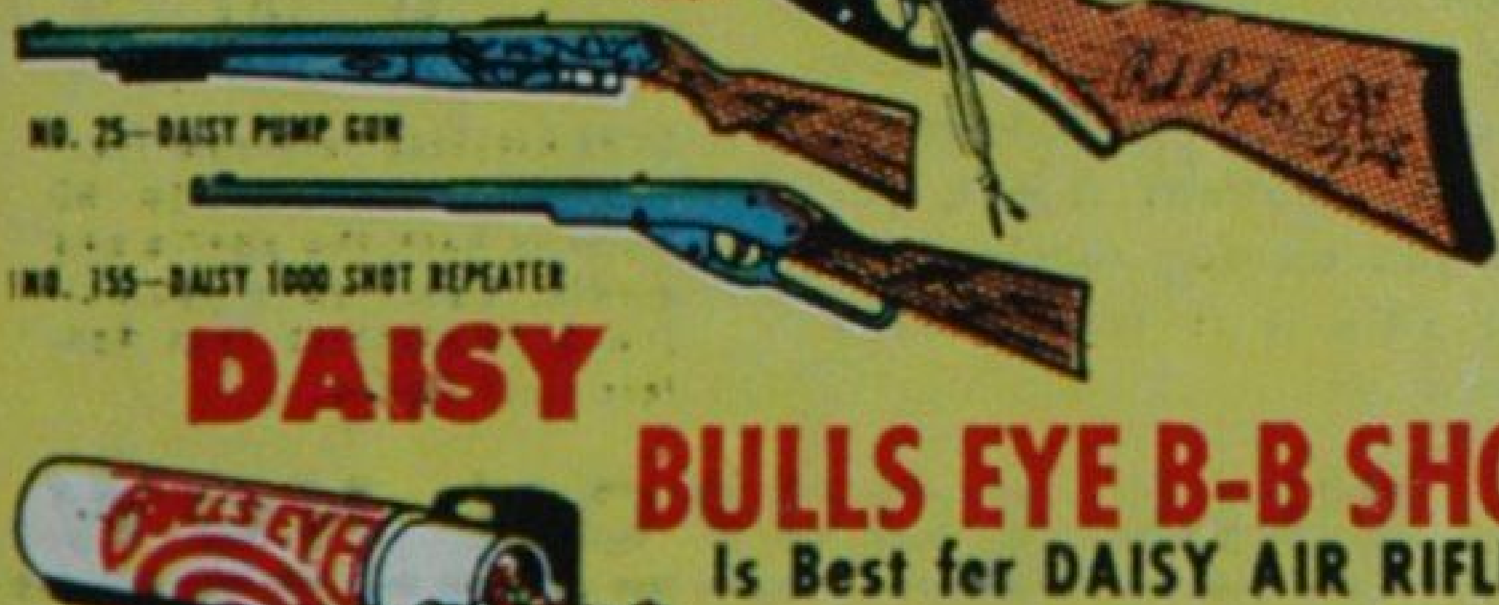
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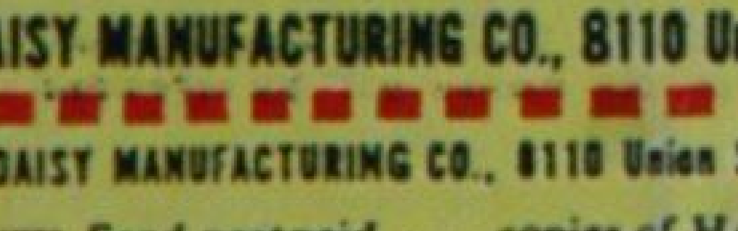

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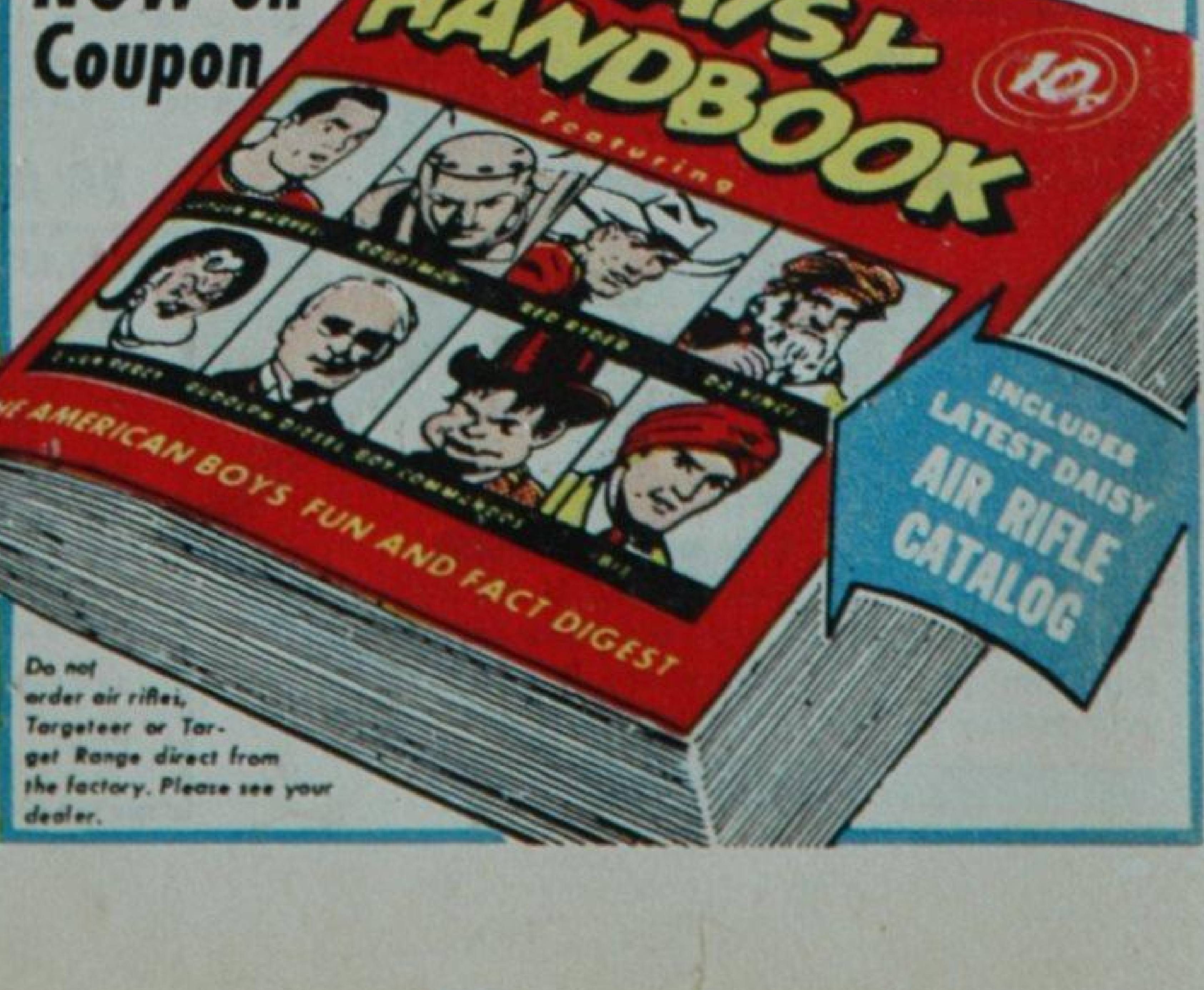
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